

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE Georgia Bill has given the Senate its principal employment during the week, and the House has done little else than listen to long speeches for and against the Tariff Bill, and on the abstract issue of protection. On Thursday, the case of Representative Butler came up for decision, but in spite of its close resemblance to that of Mr. Whittemore, the two-thirds vote necessary to expulsion could not be obtained, and the House compromised, in the worst sense of the word, on a resolution of censure, which, in the circumstances, had the weight, and is likely to have the usual effect, of the censure of railroad companies by coroner's jury. The Senate has shown equal powers of discrimination in at last confirming Mr. Bradley's appointment to the Supreme Bench, though few people have yet forgotten its chief ostensible objection to Mr. Hoar.

The probabilities at this writing are that the Georgia Bill will pass the Senate with the Bingham amendment slightly modified. Mr. Drake, who is greatly excited, and, indeed, seems to be in a chronic state of mental inflammation, wants to add a provision for the despatch of troops, by the President, to disturbed districts on the demand of the governor of the State, the commanding officer being empowered to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and levy taxes on the inhabitants for the transportation of the force. The plans for keeping Bullock in office, and for generally playing fast and loose with the government of the State, were opposed by Mr. Schurz in a very able speech, by Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Edmunds, and, indeed, by nearly all the law, logic, and common sense there is in the Senate. Mr. Sumner and General Butler wanted to have Texas admitted without reference to a committee, under the act which leaves intact the original conditions under which the State first entered the Union, one of which leaves it optional with the inhabitants whether they will have slavery or not. This has raised a good deal of laughter against these gentlemen, and deservedly; but then we fear a good many members have laughed who were not entitled to the full enjoyment of the joke. There has been a good deal in the Reconstruction legislation of overlooking, through frantic haste, things almost as obvious as the provisions of the Texas act.

General Garfield, speaking on the Deficiency Bill, made some remarks on the economical side of Civil Service reform—a subject which we have treated at greater length in another column—which are worth noting. He says that one-half of the clerks employed in the Treasury Department are merely employed in the manual labor of copying, and filing, and counting, and that men to do such work as this can be got all over the country for six or eight hundred dollars a year; in other words, the nation pays this class of employees about double what their labor is worth. He says, too, that in the Executive Departments common laborers are paid double the wages they can get in the market in any part of the country—"thus demoralizing the whole labor system of the country. We pick one man out of a thousand, and give him triple wages, thus making all the rest discontented office-seekers. On the other hand, the men who do the brain labor of these Departments, through whose hands pass millions a day, and upon whose ability and integrity the revenues of the nation largely depend," are paid far less than the employees of private individuals or of the great mercantile corporations receive for similar services. And the fault, as General Garfield alleges, lies not with the Administration or the heads of Departments, but "with the House of Representatives and its legislation." Does not General Garfield believe, however, that the cause of reform would be helped if the Secretary of the Treasury gave in his adhesion, as the Secretary of the Interior has done, to the doctrine that the Government ought to employ, pay, and retain its servants on the same terms and conditions as private enterprises, and not lend his countenance and support, as he does, to the doctrine of "spoils" and

"rotation," which he knows perfectly well fills his office with worthless hangers-on, whose wages are literally so much money stolen from the taxpayers?

The dull indifference with which the House listens to the denunciations of these worthies forms a curious and instructive contrast to the holy zeal which animates it against the army officers, the only class of its servants from whom the Government really gets honest service. The bill turning a large body of officers adrift, to begin the world in middle life, and without business connections, with one year's pay and allowances in their pockets, was passed last week with a really refreshing energy. One would think, to read the debate, that General Logan and General Butler had never heard of a drone in the public service, had never quartered one on the public treasury, and, indeed, could not bear the sight of one anywhere, and that the army officers were notorious for their pickings and stealings, and were eating out the substance of the people. Of the public faith pledged to these men, of their singular honesty and fidelity, of the desirableness of putting them in any of the hundred branches of the Civil Service now needing faithful labor—not one word.

The President is said to be trying hard to overcome the opposition which has shown itself in the Senate to the St. Domingo treaty, and at the bottom of which is, doubtless, in the first place, unwillingness to spend the money which will have, in common decency, to be voted to complete the St. Thomas purchase, if St. Domingo is accepted; and, in the second, perhaps a slight unwillingness to carry out any proposition of the Executive. But there is a strong and growing feeling in the public mind that we have had enough of annexing by secret treaty, negotiated not only without the knowledge of the country, but without the knowledge of Congress. Great additions of territory, populated already by voters whose votes are sure to exercise some influence, and may exercise a great one, on the destiny of the country, ought not to be made, every one feels, particularly in the present condition of our home politics, without ample public discussion—enough to draw out the opinion of the country. The worst of the St. Domingo affair is, that Spain got it a few years ago, much as we are now getting it, as a free gift, but had to fight for its possession after all, and finally gave it up as too dear at any price; and nobody knows yet what the result in our case will be. The importance attached to the recent popular vote on the island, which declared for annexation by a large majority, will hardly be justified till we learn whether the voters knew what they were voting about. The Dominicans are not highly educated; in fact, the great bulk of them are brutally ignorant; and one of the peculiarities of the working of universal suffrage in ignorant communities is, that the majorities in the affirmative on propositions submitted to them by those in authority are apt to be immense, inasmuch as they are generally submitted in a form or with accompaniments that make them what lawyers call leading questions, and as differences of opinion on any subject in ignorant communities are rare, because differences of opinion are the result of thinking. If St. Domingo is accepted before it is clear that we shall not have to incur the burden of a military force to keep it in order, it will be a mistake as well as a misfortune.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* has "thought out" Mr. Sumner's financial measure No. 2, providing for the return of the banks and the Government to specie payments—a little process which, it is charitable to suppose, Mr. Sumner did not attempt to perform for himself before bringing in the bill. Under the bill the Secretary of the Treasury is, will-he-nil-he, to resume specie payments Jan. 1, 1871, holding the gold receipts in the meantime for the purpose; and the banks are to accumulate in gold at the rate of one per cent. a month of their liabilities. The *Gazette* shows that, under this arrangement, the banks and Government together would hold about \$154,000,000 in gold, being about \$6,000,000 less than the total amount of gold in the country, according to the calculation of the best authorities. The price at which gold would then

stand in the New York market, with only \$6,000,000 disposable, may be left to the imagination. The total amount of paper outstanding is, however—fractional currency excluded—\$694,000,000, and to “resume,” the banks and the Treasury would have just 22½ per cent. of this amount, in coin, on hand. Lest the Treasury, as is very probable, however, should find its supply of gold run short, Mr. Sumner sagaciously authorizes it to “buy in open market to meet its deficiencies,” a little game which would bear a striking resemblance to the process of trying to fill a barrel by catching what ran out of a hole in the bottom and pouring it in again at the top. The *Gazette* truly says that though these things are laughable, we can hardly afford to laugh over them. The public mind on most momentous questions is confused by such performances, business is deranged, and a general want of confidence in the future diffused through the mercantile community. Why cannot men who do not understand finance, and whose mental powers and training do not fit them to deal with its problems, leave the finances alone?

The *Boston Advertiser* argues against our view of the advisableness of putting as much of the National Debt as possible on the foreign market, on the ground that it is undoubtedly an evil to have money going abroad to be spent there for any purpose; that we should be better off if the eighty millions a year of interest we now pay to foreign holders were paid to natives. This may or may not be true. Our paying eighty millions a year interest to foreigners really means that we spent in war about a thousand millions of foreign capital, in the absence of which we should have spent the same sum of American capital. The *Advertiser* must remember that one cannot eat his cake and have it. If we spent other people's money in preference to spending our own, it showed that there was a decided pecuniary advantage in doing so. The *Advertiser* also draws attention to the fact, that for most of the bonds we sent abroad we didn't get money, and have not money but goods. In the years 1868-9, for instance, our imports of tea, coffee, and sugar amounted to about \$120,000,000 in gold, which, it says regretfully, “were absolutely consumed; the debt which represents them abroad has given us no capital for productive enterprises.” How can this be? Who consumed the tea, coffee, and sugar? Were they idlers? Were they not productive laborers? and is not the supply of productive laborers and their families with the necessities and comforts of life a legitimate use of capital? Is it possible to build a railroad, or mill, or work a mine without paying away large sums for tea, coffee, and sugar every day? These are not articles that are wasted; nobody commits debauches in them; and if we buy them with bonds instead of with ready money, it simply shows that we can use our ready money to better advantage than sending it abroad. The *Advertiser* says M. Frignet's talk which we quoted is such as may be “heard from any banker to whom it is proposed to negotiate a profitable loan.” Quite true; it is well understood that bankers like to negotiate loans, and make money by it. That is their business. But the *Advertiser* might as well compare the talk of a tailor who solicits my custom to that of the spider to the fly, as compare to it M. Frignet's talk to us. The tailor, undoubtedly, has selfish motives in asking leave to make my clothes, but he does not want to kill and eat me as the spider does the fly; and it would be very silly, the *Advertiser* will admit, for me to sit down and make my own pantaloons because I suspected that he wanted to make a profit on the job. At the bottom of all this reasoning is the old fallacy, that the paying out of money necessarily indicates a loss, and that two parties with opposing interests cannot be the better for the same transaction.

The *World*, of Sunday, raps us over the knuckles for talking of “scientific protection,” as we have recently done, as a possible thing. By scientific protection we mean protection which will protect simply what it is intended to protect and do nothing else, which is now unknown in this country; and, to the best of our belief, has never been known anywhere, but which we still maintain is possible. Its expediency is another thing. We may maintain, for instance, that it is possible for a man by using care to hit what he aims at with an old gun; but whether shooting at anything with an old gun is a useful occupation,

is a question which would still remain open for argument. Moreover, we were correct in speaking of governments as having the right to undertake “unjustifiable” wars, though, perhaps, not as clear as we ought to have been. The context showed clearly that we were speaking of legal or political right to wage wars not defensible in morals. In a legal sense, of course, wars are “just” apart from the moral character of their origin. All wars are technically “just” when waged by a constituted government.

The trial of Judge Fullerton, on a charge of conspiracy with special agent Belknap, of the Internal Revenue Department, to extort money by blackmailing in 1868, was concluded on Thursday, the evidence for the Government being of so flimsy a character as to make a nine days' trial seem scarcely less impossible than a conviction. The Judge was completely acquitted of any improper or unprofessional action; in fact, he was accused of precisely what he refused to have any part in doing—settling an arrest for money. The actual extortion arose from the opportunities for oppression and corruption afforded by the revenue service in the case of distillers, and from the dangerous powers entrusted to special agents like Belknap, in the exercise of which men have had their books seized, their business closed up, and ruin thrust in their faces, unless they at once submitted to the exactions of the detective in whose grasp they lay. Happily, or unhappily, the public will never know the full extent of this villany. Collector Bailey, of the Thirty-second District, who has hitherto been conspicuous for the energy with which he has prosecuted the whiskey-dealers, and lent all his aid towards the conviction of Judge Fullerton, now turns out to have abused his position as Belknap did, and, having been a defaulter in the Fourth District, and sought to retrieve himself by his frauds in the Thirty-second, has ended by disappearing from the city, leaving a deficiency in his accounts of from \$100,000 to \$200,000. The Government was just on the eve of removing him, and was only a little anticipated.

We presume there are few persons who have paid any attention to the matter at all who have not been a good deal amused by the efforts the Methodists have been making for the last six months to find out whether any frauds had or not been committed in their Book Concern. The existence of peculation was reported by Mr. Lanahan, a new Superintendent, some time last summer, and an investigation was ordered and took place, but it ended in a report which we never rightly understood, but the general effect of which upon the public mind was, that although there might have been frauds and irregularities in the conduct of the business, somehow nobody had committed them or was responsible for them—Providence, we suppose, having caused certain phenomena to wear the look of fraud for the mere purpose of trying the virtue of the denomination. However, both the church and the world were so dissatisfied that another investigation was ordered, and the majority of the investigators have now reported again that there is nothing wrong, but do not give the evidence on which their decision is based, while the minority report that there is a great deal wrong, and do give the evidence on which their decision is based. Now, the weakness which the public has for facts has caused the minority to receive more credit than the majority, but the majority report, of course, stands as the formal verdict of the tribunal appointed by a religious body to investigate a charge of a peculiarly outrageous kind of swindling. The best of the joke—for the affair has really assumed the features of a monstrous joke—is, that the person alleged to be principal defaulter has, since these disclosures, been appointed to a high official position—if we remember rightly, a fiduciary position—in connection, of all things in the world, with the denominational Sunday-schools. The last Conference was moved by this last scandal into taking some decided action against the worthy gentleman, by way of preventing his discharging the functions of his new office, but the frauds remain, in the meantime, really unpunished. In fact, the whole performance, up to this point, has borne a painful resemblance to the way in which the Ring would screen its operations from the prying eyes of its victims, if an attempt were made to ferret them out; and, considering that the organization which bears thus patiently with this great scandal has for its sole object the promotion of religion, and the men



who have been engaged in the whitewashing operation have performed it *quid* Christians, the matter throws some curious light on the condition of the public mind with regard to the great social duty of bringing rogues to justice—a duty hardly inferior in importance to that of being honest one's self.

We bid fair to have a new and interesting "Chapter in Erie," owing to the efforts of the foreign stockholders, two-thirds of the whole, to get repealed the extraordinary bill passed last session by the New York Legislature, by which Fisk, Gould & Co. were empowered to reorganize the Board of Directors without any fresh election, so that they should be divided into three sections, holding office for two, three, and five years respectively. We need hardly say that it so fell out that Fisk and Gould were to sit for the long term, and were thus actually put in possession of the road for four years after the term for which they were originally elected, and without any reference to the wishes of the stockholders. The measure was, in fact, neither more nor less than the concession to Fisk & Co. of legal facilities to rob the stockholders; and Governor Hoffman, not only to his own disgrace, but the disgrace of the country, signed it—his statement of his reasons for doing so being very interesting, as a specimen of the way in which politicians in whom the sense of shame is not wholly extinct, sometimes try to whip the devil round the stump. These reasons were—that there had been no opposition to it in the Senate and no remonstrance from the stockholders, the fact being that two-thirds of the stockholders were in England. The stock having run down from 72 to 46, the foreign owners are at last bestirring themselves, and have sent over an agent, Mr. Burt, to try and get the bill repealed. It remains to be seen whether the Democratic majority will dare to refuse. We presume Mr. Burt has reported to his principals by this time that the expectation expressed at the meeting in London that he would be able "to shame Fisk" into virtuous action, was founded on an imperfect acquaintance with that gentleman's character.

The celebrated Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad continues to entreat the State of Massachusetts to lend it a little more money for the benefit of Connecticut and New York. Meanwhile, the accounts of the railroad have been published, and certainly a more instructive statement has seldom been seen. The accounts cover the period from July 1, 1868 to the present date. The first item that attracts the reader's attention is that, within this short time, J. S. Eldridge has received \$150,000. J. S. Eldridge is president of the road, and has the credit of having engineered all its largest operations. It is not stated for what services this payment was made, but as it is deducted in the account from the money received from the Erie Railway, the public can make its own deductions. Our inference is that this was a payment for Eldridge's part in the "Boston raid" of two or three summers ago, a detailed account of which may be found in the *North American Review*. The item would therefore properly be, "Cash paid J. S. Eldridge for services rendered and character lost . . . \$150,000," for the road seems to have been managed very much as the buccaneering expeditions of the Spanish Main used to be managed—every officer receiving from the treasury enough to compensate him for the dangerous character of the employment. Thus, if a man lost a finger, he received a doubloon or two, but if his leg or his arm were taken off, he made a small fortune. Among the buccaneers of our day limbs are not lost, but reputations are sadly damaged; and it is only fair that the old compensatory principle, which once served its purpose so well in the physical world, should be applied now to the domain of morals.

Besides this hundred and fifty thousand paid to Eldridge, it appears that the road has disbursed for "legal expenses" three hundred and fifty-five thousand, and has lost, by speculations in its own stock, conducted by its own officers, two millions. After this, of course, a trifle of ten thousand to Jay Gould for "commissions," or of fifty-four thousand to F. A. Lane for "contract with E. R. R. Co.," is of small importance. Indeed, no individual item is of much consequence when the whole account shows that the road is every day growing poorer and poorer, while Eldridge and Company are quietly enriching them-

selves. It is the old story—the ward in chancery, the guardians and their legal advisers clothed in purple and fine linen. The most astonishing fact connected with the road is that the Massachusetts Legislature is at present entertaining its petition for a third loan, when it is well known that the State Treasurer has in his hands a bond for two millions, signed by the principal managers, which was executed for the express purpose of guaranteeing the completion of the line without further expense to the State. Why is not some use made of this bond? The men who signed it are wealthy, and no reason has been given why they cannot be sued. We should not omit to state that the assets of the company are one bond, which is worth in the market about \$420. If we may offer a word of advice to the directors, we would suggest an immediate sale of this bond. The bond may fall, and the money would be of the greatest value in an emergency.

The passage from military to civil rule in Virginia has given rise to a serious collision of authorities in Richmond, and led General Canby to interpose on behalf of the peace of the city. Mayor Chahoon, the incumbent under the Reconstruction acts, declined to surrender his office to Mayor Ellyson, who had been appointed on the 15th by a Council nominated by the Governor, in accordance with a recent act of Assembly. The ground taken by the former was that this law was contrary to the State Constitution, and he challenged his would-be successor to establish his claims by a resort to the courts. He also addressed Governor Walker for assistance in preserving order until a legal decision could be reached, but of course got only the advice to vacate first and contest afterwards—which seems to have been both consistent and sensible in the Governor. Be that as it may, it was not accepted by Mayor Chahoon, who called his police force about him, with a number of armed negroes, and prepared to hold the station-house in which he held his court. He was at once invested by Mayor Ellyson and his police, and must infallibly have been starved out but for his release by General Canby, who put his own troops in possession of the place. Subsequently, Mayor Chahoon retired to another police-station, beside an engine-house, where, at last accounts, he had barricaded and provisioned himself for another siege. Meanwhile, his counsel, ex-Governors Wells and Wise, sued out an injunction from Judge Underwood, on which the hearing was set down for yesterday. In clearing the streets and in the withdrawal of Ellyson's police at the instance of General Canby, disturbances arose which resulted in loss of life on both sides, though the full extent is not known. The correspondence between the General and Governor Walker shows a substantial agreement as to the right of interference in favor of either of the contestants; but we do not well see how General Canby is censurable for an honest and impartial attempt to save the city from riot and bloodshed, in one of the most difficult and delicate crises that municipal government ever encounters.

The news from Rome is to the effect that the Pope is sick, which, if true, means also that the infallibility dogma is in a bad way. But, then, rumors of the badness of his health have been rife for years, and, in spite of the increase of probability they get from the flight of years, may now be false too. He has at last begun to turn his attention to the newspaper correspondents, and is, it is said, threatening with expulsion the most valuable of them all, Sir John Acton, an English Catholic gentleman, whose letters to the *London Times*, as an "Occasional Correspondent," have been the most valuable accounts of the doings of the Council we have had, though this is not saying very much for them. During the week, there has appeared a very curious despatch from Antonelli to Count von Beust, replying to von Beust's expression of alarm about the possible effects of the doings of the Council on Austrian politics. The way in which he gets rid of the effect of the Papal views of the relations of the Church to the civil authority are quite ingenious. He says that "the supreme rule of conscience, as laid down by the Church, with regard to public and social actions, can be modified in its application" by concordats, and the Pope will have the power to make such modifications in the canons of the Council "as may be demanded by the political necessities of the states,"

## OFFICES.

THERE have been three or four occurrences during the past ten days which, to say the least for them, are well calculated to set people thinking. One is the practice which the President has begun of going down to his room in the Capitol and remaining there for hours at a time to negotiate with senators about his nominations; another is the confirmation, by an overwhelming majority of the same body which inexorably rejected Judge Hoar, of General Sickles as Minister to Spain; another is the vote on the case of Butler of Tennessee, by which it was decided that a member of Congress may corruptly agree to sell his privilege of appointing cadets in the national naval and military colleges, but, if he has not actually pocketed the money, exposes himself at most to censure; and the fourth is the letter of Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, in reply to his constituents who have asked him to allow himself to be renominated for Congress. They all go to confirm the impression which, more than ever since General Grant's accession to the presidency, has been entertained by thinking men, that the great question of the day is the question of the Government patronage. The more we look at it, the plainer it becomes that, no matter what else we settle, till this be settled all our settlements will be vain. There is nothing respectable in our polity which it is not degrading and debasing, and there is no reform we can make which will be of any but the slightest value till the people take seriously in hand the manner of choosing its subordinate employees. Laws are in themselves but words written on paper. To have any force or effect, they have to be taken up and put into execution by certain men, and on the character of these men it depends whether the nation will profit by the laws or not. Moreover, the President and Congress are the instruments of the national will in framing the laws, and if we allow them to be turned into mere instruments for the division of spoils, our legislation must end in being worthless.

It is notorious that within the last five years the character of the Senate has deteriorated. It has now a corrupt element in it which it previously had not, and it has an ignorant, inexperienced element in it which it previously had not, and, owing to the position it was driven or tempted into assuming during the conflict with Andrew Johnson, it has been seduced into views with regard to the nature and extent of its own powers which it previously was far from entertaining. Along with the stretching of its pretensions from this cause has come strong temptation to stretch them still further, in the shape of a pressure for offices from constituents such as has never been known before in the history of this or any other government. For this enormous development of office-seeking and for the conversion of all members of Congress into what Mr. Kelley calls "general employment agents," to a degree which not only prevents them enjoying social intercourse or keeping up rational correspondence, but, what is still worse, renders the study of any of the important questions now before the country impossible—we are here simply repeating in substance what he says—the war, of course, is responsible. The habit of looking on the Government offices as sure refuges for hangers-on of the party in power, existed before the war; but the multiplication of places during the war converted Congressmen into mere agents for the prosecution of the claims of this class of persons, and, like all evils of this kind, it gains strength every day that it lasts. The more a member of Congress finds himself pressed by applicants, the more eagerly he struggles for his "share" of the patronage; the more eagerly he is seen struggling, the better the applicants think their chances are, and the more their numbers increase. As, however, thus far, offices have not increased in number, and as the demand of the country for retrenchment has even compelled a reduction in their number, the competition for them has grown all the more severe. Senators compete fiercely against each other and against the representatives; the representatives against each other and against senators; and the Senate against the House; and as the office-seekers and their friends are the active politicians, and under the caucus system of nominations have really far more influence on the choice of members of Congress than the bulk of the constituency, these affairs absorb far more of the time and attention of legislators than the gravest questions affecting the public welfare.

The temper that this strife has begot is obvious enough. This kind of struggling and intriguing could not go on long without throwing both House and Senate into a childish state of petulance and jealousy, and it has done so already. Each member and each House is occupied with the care of his or its own safety, and acts and thinks accordingly. The "proper" distribution of the patronage—that is, its distribution in accordance with Congressional dictation—has come to be looked on as the only function of the Executive. For its recommendations on the larger questions of public policy Congress does not seem to care a straw, and takes no pains to conceal it. "Don't bother me with your views about Cuba, or St. Domingo, or the tariff," Congressmen seem to say to it; "when are you going to give my man that place in the custom-house?"

It was hoped—as we pointed out two or three weeks ago—that General Grant would have resisted this dictation when he first came into office. He had then an admirable chance of doing it successfully; but, partly owing to bad tact and partly to bad management, it was suffered to pass away. Since then, every attempt to recover the lost ground has been a failure; and the tide rises higher and higher. In the few cases in which he has of late followed his own better judgment, such as the appointment of the marshal in this district, it has been almost by stealth. He now appears to have given up the struggle and accepted his fate, and goes down to the Capitol to make what terms he can with the victors, in other words, to bargain with the senators, and, we may be sure, to bargain most with the most corrupt and unprincipled, for it is they who will be most exacting and hardest to satisfy about the terms on which he will be permitted to perform a duty which the Constitution entrusts to his discretion. Of course, this is an open confession that not merely is the Senate's consent necessary for confirmation but for nomination, and that it has in reality added on to its legislative functions the larger portion of the Executive functions. We shall say little of the humiliation to which the President exposes himself and his office by this step, or of the danger of the precedent he is here establishing. We may be sure his successors, unless his course should rouse the people to the necessity of a change, will push the practice still further; and as the short addresses delivered by Buchanan from his balcony to applauding friends of the Lecompton Constitution were the germs of the blackguard harangues for which Andy Johnson was impeached, we shall probably see the room in which General Grant "exchanges views" with senators in the Capitol grow, in the hands of bolder and less scrupulous successors, into a kind of brokerage office, to which not only senators will come but the whole swarm of political scamps who want to live at the public expense. We sincerely trust he may yet see the impropriety of the new move, and go back to the White House and stay there, and employ the hours which would be spent in bargaining at the Capitol, to the loss of his own dignity and self-respect, and the still further degradation of the public service, in working for a reform of the whole system.

The deplorable influence of the present state of things on the moral sense of the members of Congress themselves has been well illustrated in the Butler case, and still more in the Sickles case. The refusal to punish a man who sells his official patronage because he has not actually received the money, opens of course a ready means of escape to all future sinners, and shows the inability or unwillingness of the House to see that the wrong of these cadet cases lies not in A. or B.'s pocketing \$1,000, but in his willingness to receive it. It is from his readiness to take it, and not from his taking it, that the country suffers. So, also, in the Hoar-Sickles case we see the gradual growth of a new standard of morality, under which incivility to members of Congress seeking small offices for their supporters, even when committed with the best intentions by a man of the purest character and highest professional acquirements, and with a long and honorable official career behind him, becomes an absolute disqualification, in senators' eyes, for high public place; while a life marked by every kind of infamy, deliberate murder included, is treated as absolutely no bar whatever to the bestowal of the highest distinction.

In this state of things, it is impossible to speak too highly of the step Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has taken in refusing a renomination except on the platform of "reform in the Civil Service," which will



relieve members of Congress of their present burdens as "general employment agents," and give them time for the discharge of their proper duties. This is throwing the onus of maintaining the present system, where it rightfully belongs, on the voters, not one in a thousand of whom has the smallest interest in it. Members of Congress cannot be delivered from it without their aid. Against the "managers," who are its principal supporters, they cannot revolt single-handed, and, we fear, will not; and, unless there is a strong movement out-of-doors, we fear the Civil Service bills, which have been introduced in both House and Senate, may hang on indefinitely, not meeting with any open opposition, but still not passing. There are few men in Congress who are more valued, and justly valued, by their constituents than Mr. Kelley is; and we shall be very curious to see the result of his appeal to their patriotism and good sense.

#### ECONOMY.

Now that Mr. Dawes has smoothed over his little unpleasantness with the Administration, and harmony has been once more established, we seize the opportunity to prove to him that any remarks we may have thought ourselves obliged to make as to the manner of his criticisms were not intended to apply to their matter, so far as economy is in question. That Mr. Dawes was quite right in his general statements we firmly believe, and we believe, too, that his attacks on the President and the Senate were not undeserved, but that he distributed his blame with too little discrimination. That he himself, and more especially his own House, are implicated, and deeply implicated, in the wastefulness and corruption of the Government, are facts to which the partisan press is not likely to call attention, but which are essential in the establishment of sound reforms. If Mr. Dawes is really in earnest, and if the President honestly means to support him, there is hope for the public; but, before promising to believe either of these statements to the full extent of their terms, we should like to have an understanding with Mr. Dawes, and to have Mr. Dawes come to a common agreement with the President as to the meaning of the words earnestness and honesty, and how far they are to be considered as qualified by circumstances.

That the principal and most costly departments of the Government are not economically administered is a fact which no one in the least acquainted with their internal arrangements will call in question. Probably there has been no Secretary of the Treasury or of the Interior, within the last ten years, having even a limited acquaintance with business habits, but has stood aghast, on entering office, at the extravagant scale on which his department is organized. It is said that Mr. McCulloch, who was perfectly plain-spoken in regard to the evil, affirmed that he was ready to take a contract to run his own department at half its actual cost—to run it more efficiently than under the existing system—and he added that he would make an immense fortune by the operation. There can be very little doubt that this was in his time not an exaggerated statement. Mr. Boutwell, on succeeding him, did in fact reduce the running expenses of the department by an amount which was then estimated at half a million of dollars a year, and by no means reached the limits of possible economy.

But there is no occasion for appealing to hearsay authority for proof of the facts alleged. The official report of the present Secretary of the Interior, which was presented to Congress in December last, admitted that the work of the Interior Department might have been done, under a more perfect organization, with one-third fewer clerks than were actually employed; and the Secretary left it to be inferred that he could have done his work better with the smaller force. The sum annually appropriated for salaries in the Interior Department exceeds \$1,000,000, so that, in point of fact, the Secretary acknowledged that an economy of more than \$300,000 was practicable in his province alone. If this is the case at the Interior Department, the Treasury must afford a still richer vein of economies. The large reductions made by Mr. Boutwell last spring were mere steps to a peace footing, and left the radical extravagance of the office quite untouched. More than this, it is undeniable that while Mr. Boutwell was actively engaged in removing superfluous hangers-on, he was still busier in dismissing a

large proportion of the most capable officers under his control, whose place was supplied by very inferior material, so that the efficiency of the bureaus was seriously impaired, and the effect of his economies counteracted. In short, our readers may take our word for it that, of the two Departments, the Interior is much the more economically managed, and that, whatever extravagance exists in it, exists to an aggravated degree in the Treasury. If then, an economy of one-third can be made in the former, the same economy at least is practicable in the latter. The appropriation for salaries in the Treasury Department appears to exceed \$2,500,000, and an economy of one-third would represent a saving of more than \$800,000; which, when added to an estimated reduction of \$300,000 in the Interior, offers a total retrenchment that may, to keep well within bounds, be confidently stated at one million dollars per annum at the least.

In order to effect this saving, it will be necessary to reorganize the departments, and Mr. Dawes has himself declared that this step is very necessary, though he cannot interfere in it, as it seems. But the essential reform must be to exclude incompetent clerks. We are not now preaching Civil Service reform nor the virtue of competitive examinations. No competitive examination is needed in order to decide whether a clerk is competent or not. Nor do we propose interferences with political removals or appointments. These may still continue to be as meanly political as Mr. Boutwell's heart could wish, provided only that the highest standard of efficiency be maintained. In this case, two good clerks will be fully able to do the work of four bad ones much better than it is now done; and, by a reorganization of bureaus, the work itself may be simplified so as to lighten its burden.

This reform was recommended by the Secretary of the Interior at the meeting of Congress. The facts do not rest on our authority, but are matter of common notoriety. Mr. Dawes knows they are literally and exactly true. There is not an old chief of bureau in the Treasury but will admit their accuracy. Mr. Boutwell, too, knows they are true, and the President ought to know it, if his acquaintance with his own government is not miraculously superficial. In two departments alone, the country wastes at least one million dollars a year, and yet the President, and the Cabinet, and Congress pretend to the credit of good intentions. Is such treatment of the public perfectly straightforward? If possible, we should like to ask the President himself whether he thinks it thoroughly honest?

It is difficult to understand how one Cabinet officer could have been allowed to make such a statement as that made by the Secretary of the Interior without drawing some comments from the President. If the facts stated were true, and the President believed them, he was surely bound to urge this economy upon Mr. Dawes and upon Congress. If they were untrue, they placed the other members of the Administration in a very unfair position. Mr. Boutwell especially, being in charge of the most costly department, was implicated to the extent of nearly a million dollars, yet he made no such recommendation as was made by his colleague in the Cabinet. Surely he might have told the public whether he coincided in the proposal or not. Yet no allusion to the subject can be found in his report, unless it be contained in his proposition to raise salaries. Nor has Congress taken the smallest notice of the matter. With the exception of General Garfield and perhaps one other, neither Democrat nor Republican has thought fit to make a single comment upon an extravagance which costs the public a million dollars a year in two departments alone.

The reason for this suspicious silence is probably to be found in the fact that Secretary Cox coupled with his remarks a recommendation of Civil Service reform, and on this point the Secretary of the Treasury is understood to hold opposite opinions, while Congress is blind to every motion which points to this end. But it does not appear that the principles of Mr. Jencks's bill are necessarily involved in this economy. All that is needed is the authority to reorganize the bureaus, and to cut down the number of clerks according to a better system of classification. The Secretary must then be held responsible for maintaining a high standard of efficiency among his subordinates, and for this he already enjoys all the necessary powers. The true difficulty rests in the fact that a proper standard of efficiency would, if rigorously exacted, exclude nearly all the political or personal friends of Congressmen, and

cut off their patronage. On this point, members of Congress are as sensitive as the old-fashioned slave-driver on the subject of slavery. Rather than acknowledge their somewhat discreditable love of power, they choose the absurd alternative of persuading themselves that for the work of the departments one clerk is as efficient as another, and that any attempt to raise the standard of efficiency is anti-republican. All the ablest and most sensible members of Congress from the West are, to a greater or less extent, possessed with this notion, which at bottom is pure self-interest. Yet experiments now going on at Washington seem to prove that out of ten political nominations to clerkships, an average of one competent officer is the result; so that under the existing system there must be a proportion of nine incompetents to one thoroughly efficient clerk. It is this standard which Congress proposes to maintain, while in the same breath the Republican majority and Democratic minority claim the credit of honest intentions.

We do not assume to blame the Administration for not making this reform out of hand. We do not even undertake to question Mr. Dawes's honesty for neglecting to take up Secretary Cox's challenge. But in the face of President Grant's and Mr. Boutwell's professions of honesty and economy, and of Mr. Dawes's preaching his economical crusade, it becomes a matter of interest to know why the reorganization of the departments has not been made a point of official policy. If the facts we have stated are true, what excuse has the President, or the Secretary of the Treasury, or Mr. Dawes, for neglecting to require that the reform should be carried out? If the Government were earnest about it, there would be less difficulty in attaining success than the Postmaster-General found in regard to the franking privilege. But if it be asked whether Mr. Dawes's earnestness and the President's honesty in regard to economical reform are absolute or only conditional, we must leave to them the responsibility of supplying an answer.

#### THE SENATE AND THE CHIEF-JUSTICE.

NOTHING has of late occurred to show more clearly the moral disorganization of our day than the talk which is found in the press, and which has by no means been confined to the press alone, in regard to the late legal-tender decision of the Supreme Court. The very suggestion of obtaining a new decision by the means proposed, was an outrage on all the national ideas of respect for law, and the outrage was the greater because there seems to have been no popular uneasiness to justify or excuse it. A few politicians and moneyed corporations alone have made all the noise that has been heard. It is true that a part of the legal profession—certain members of the bench and bar who had strongly committed themselves to the principle of legal tender during the war—were angry with Chief-Justice Chase for overruling their opinion, for which, if it was mistaken at all, he was himself principally responsible; but the bar does not conspire against the bench. This is the work of politicians. The scheme of reversing the decision was a political intrigue, based on the well-known fancy of the Senate for grasping at power, and on the notorious dislike of senators for the Chief-Justice. So far as the public is concerned, there has not been a breath of popular discontent to justify any political movement; and yet grave men have doubted the result; senators have freely expressed their opinion that the decision would be reversed; Congressmen have furiously denounced it as rivalling the Dred Scott decision in bad pre-eminence; and, worst of all, it has been assumed, as a matter of course, that Justices Miller, Swayne, and Davis would consent to join in this conspiracy to degrade their own dignity.

All this is probably empty talk; but, if the Republican senators and leaders are wise, they will put a stop to the discussion at once. Nothing can be more discreditable to them than to encourage clamor of this kind. If any of them gravely entertain the idea of pressing the intrigue to a result, they had better not confess it. There are many reasons why this issue is a very unfavorable one for the Senate to choose as the basis of its assault on the Chief-Justice or on the Supreme Court. The decision in the case of Hepburn *agt.* Griswold has a very narrow scope, so far as the principle of legal tender is concerned. It avoids with great skill any interference with the constitutional power of Congress over the general subject of legal tender, and no issue can be made

with it by Congress on that score. All that the Court has ruled is that the legal-tender clause of the Act of 25th February, 1862, as applied to contracts previously existing, was not essential to carry out the constitutional powers of Congress; or, in other words, that private rights should be interfered with by Congress only so far as is necessary; and in this case the interference was not necessary so far as previous contracts were concerned, and was prohibited by the Constitution. As matter of fact, no one doubts that this decision is perfectly true. Neither Mr. Justice Miller, nor the Senate, nor any one else, has ventured to maintain that the legal tender might not without trouble have been made to affect only future contracts. That the objects of the law would have been as well or better reached had its *ex post facto* operation been excluded, is a truth almost self-evident, and until it is questioned, we shall not argue upon it, more especially as its truth or error is not a point on which the dissenters rest. The truth of the Chief-Justice's opinion, as matter of fact, may be freely conceded without affecting the legal issue, and though both opinions argue the general question of necessity, and, on that score, are equally open to criticism, the only solid objection to the Chief-Justice is based on the ground, not that his facts are untrue, but that, whether true or false, it is for Congress and not for the Court to determine, in case an exigency exists, what degree of necessity justifies interference with private rights. It is not insisted that the Court has decided wrongly as to the facts, but only that it had no right to decide at all.

But if the decision were overruled, the result, so far as legal tender is concerned, must be to establish the principle that not only the Chief-Justice's law but his facts are incorrect, and consequently the Court will be compelled to affirm, what every one knows to be false, that the application of legal tender to past contracts was essential to the preservation of the country. It matters little whether Congress or the Court is responsible for this result. It is enough that because Congress originally made a mistake which cannot be defended in reason, the Supreme Court must be compelled to make that mistake law, and decide against truth and equity. We all know that the Legal-Tender Act did not depend for its efficacy on its retroactive application, but the Court must assert that it did, and must reverse the Chief-Justice's judgment given on the opposite understanding.

Of all countries in the world, America is the last where law can be safely divorced from common sense, and where politicians can with safety intrigue to bring about such a result. The law and the public good are far more deeply interested in obtaining justice than in asserting the infallibility of Congress—a dogma that has never been fanatically held by the American public. In the present instance, the attempt to perpetuate as law the mistakes of Congress, may have results much more mischievous than the mistakes themselves—results which may be particularly embarrassing to the very persons who are trying to bring them about. One of these is suggested in a problem commonly known at Washington as "General Garfield's Conundrum," because General Garfield is said to have proposed it in conversation to Mr. Justice Miller. It runs much as follows:

The opinion of the Court carefully avoids the general question of constitutionality. It is confined to contracts made prior to February 25, 1862. The dissenting opinion, on the contrary, covers the whole subject. It rules that if the law was in any sense essential, the degree of necessity was for Congress to determine. It affirms that a necessity did exist; that this necessity was one of war; and that the legal-tender clause was necessary to meet it—the degree of necessity being determined by Congress, and the decision of Congress being final. Now it happens that only a few months since, in the case of the United States *agt.* Anderson, the Supreme Court, Justice Miller and all, unanimously ruled that Congress has by its own legislation fixed the 20th August, 1866, as the close of the war, and the Court went on to say that "there is no reason why this declaration should not be received as settling the question wherever private rights are affected by it." The exigency, therefore, which was the authority of Congress for interfering with private rights in the matter of legal tender as in other matters, was declared by Congress itself, and affirmed by the entire Court, to have terminated on the 20th August, 1866. What, then, asked Gen. Garfield, is the authority which upholds legal tenders since August 20, 1866?



We leave this puzzle for law periodicals to discuss, since our own point of view is rather political than legal, but at the same time we cannot but think that the dissenting opinion of the Court, if established in place of the Chief-Justice's decision, would open the door to some very hazardous results. Either to maintain that the exigency was not one of war, or to assume a subsequent exigency by implication, is equally dangerous, and both lead to the most violent straining of common sense. Supposing the Court were to choose the latter alternative, and were to rule that a necessity not that of war must be assumed, from the fact that Congress acted as though it assumed it! To infer that an exigency exists on the ground that there is nothing to prove that it existed, is very questionable logic, whatever its merit may be as law, and in this case it is all the more questionable, for the very reason that no necessity or exigency did in fact exist, nor has any one ever pretended that it existed, while the dictates of good sense assure us that the validity of legal tender ought in reality to have ended with the war. The constitutional principle thus established would be still more extraordinary. It is, that although an extreme exigency involving the nation's life, and testified by peculiarly solemn legislation, would alone justify a temporary interference with private rights in the first place, yet subsequently the permanent suppression of these same rights may be effected by implying a declaration, never once suggested, of an exigency that is wholly imaginary.

We repeat that senators had better reflect long before attempting to overthrow the Chief-Justice's decision. The ground they will be driven to take is neither solid nor well chosen. If successful, they will find themselves in a still more hazardous position, and, as they well know, the Chief-Justice is more dangerous to them as a politician than he is as a lawyer.

## Correspondence.

### THE VEXED QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg the favor of a space in your columns for a few thoughts on the much-vexed Woman Question. For the usurpations of "tyrant man," as the phrase goes, I have nothing to say, either in the way of defence or apology. The evidence is strong against him, and it must be owned that his condemnation is in the main just. But there is one count in the indictment which does not seem to be entirely well founded, and it is made the basis of charges which as yet have not been distinctly proved. It is that of woman's not being allowed to vote. For this man is held responsible; and he is charged with being actuated in the fact either by selfishness in some one or other of its diversified forms, or by ignorance and prejudice.

Now, it is believed by well-informed people that there is almost, if not quite, as much opposition to woman's voting among women as there is among men. It is true that men make the laws, and that as yet they have made none allowing woman to vote; but it is equally true that woman can have laws made, and that thus far she has asked for none investing her with that power. Not an instance is known in the country's history in which women, duly authorized to speak for their sex, have asked for legislation and been denied; and it is not doubted that, whenever the women of any State, or of the United States, shall demand the suffrage, they will get it. It is not clear, then, that men, as men, are responsible for the exclusion of women from the polls. But, admitting that they are, it remains to be shown that they are governed in the fact by unworthy causes. It is well known that many people, justly regarded as among the most disinterested and enlightened of their kind, agree in the opinion that, as things now stand in this country, the women ought not to vote. This, of course, does not prove the impropriety of woman's voting, nor is it quoted for that purpose; but it does show presumptively that the proposition is embarrassed with very grave difficulties, and that there may possibly be some objections to it which have their foundation in reason and justice.

Let us approach the question, then, in the spirit suggested by these considerations. And that we may the better appreciate the embarrassments which it is alleged surround it, let us put ourselves for a moment into sympathy with the objector. He says—and he appears to be honest—that he sincerely desires to know the truth and obey its teachings; that he needs no argument to prove that woman's sphere should be enlarged to the full

width of that of man; nor evidence to show that Government should have the benefit of all the elevating influences at its command. He holds as cardinal principles that the sexes should stand on a level before the law; that woman is clearly entitled to an equal share with man in all the benefits of government; and that no law is just which assigns to her a different place from man, except it be on the ground of proven fitness and with her consent. Still, as the case now stands, it is not clear to him that women should vote. But he does not feel at liberty to take the ground of positive opposition, partly—perhaps mainly—because he does not choose to put himself in a false position toward a movement with which on other points he is in sympathy; and partly because he is not absolutely sure of himself. There may be some lurking prejudice in his own breast of which he is not conscious, or some hidden fallacy in his reasoning which has as yet escaped detection. So he holds the matter in abeyance, and looks on and reads. In this state of mind he takes up a late number of a woman's rights paper, and notes the arguments which are relied upon to sustain the demand for suffrage. They are based on the doctrine of "equality." The sexes are equal; their rights are equal; their privileges should be equal; therefore, women should vote; "otherwise they cannot be equal with men." For "*equality with men*" is emphasized and reiterated as the object and end of the movement.

He is not convinced. On the contrary, new difficulties are suggested to his mind, of which more anon. He takes up the next paper that comes to his hand, which happens to be a "Radical" political journal, containing a plea for woman's suffrage by a distinguished male advocate of the cause. It is a lecture on the subject delivered by Henry Ward Beecher before a Mercantile Library Company. He reads:

"I urge the suffrage for woman," says Mr. Beecher, "on the ground that it is the natural right of woman to vote. . . . I would give the suffrage to every intelligent living creature in this country. 'To every one? Yes, to every one.' (After illustrating and enforcing this position, the lecturer passes from the argument of right to that of expediency and says: "Where you bring the face of woman you bring decency to man. . . . The very thing we want is to bring into our politics some elevating influences. Do you believe that if women had the right to vote you ever could put up such men as are put up for office? In New York we send to Congress all the men that are foreordained to eternal damnation. The very reason why politics are so base and so bad is that woman is not at the polls; but the moment she comes there, that very moment she brings to politics self-respect in men and a desire to be thought well of by those whom they esteem the models of purity."

Now, how can any thoughtful sceptic on the question of woman's voting be expected to surrender his doubts to arguments such as these? Surely, when Mr. Beecher was talking in this strain about women's influence in politics, he was thinking only of the ladies before him, and regarding them unconsciously as the representatives of the whole sisterhood. But would this be the sort of women, if the change proposed were made, who would attend the ward meetings, shape the primary elections, give character to the general nominations, and be the controlling power around the polls on the day of voting? Where all this time would be the women of the Five Points, the street patrollers of Broadway and Washington Square, the "48,000" strong who figure in the statistics which are now engaging the attention of wise and good women in England? And where the other thousands—native and foreign—who constitute the next, and the next stratum above the grade here designated? As it is now, it is politicians of the lowest type who rule at the primary meetings, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who are surest to be on hand on election day. The virtuous and refined, as a rule, cannot be induced to attend a ward meeting, and it is only under the pressure of a special exigency that they can be got out in full force even at a general election. Will it be different with women? If it will, then is woman made of different stuff from man, and the argument in favor of her voting should be, not that she is equal to man, but that she is his superior.

If the Hon. John Morrissey should happen to read this argument of Mr. Beecher, and should be impressed with the belief that the women of his district would soon have the ballot, and if, in consequence, he should begin to have fears for his continuance in office, would not those fears arise from the probability that some other bully, perhaps of a lower grade, might prove a greater favorite of his constituents? Would George Francis Train, who stumped the States two years ago, in the double capacity of advocate for woman and candidate for the Presidency, be much of an improvement on the "foreordained" aforesaid? The stress which Mr. Beecher lays upon the need of "purity"—of "elevating influences" in our politics, is none too emphatic. Undoubtedly this is the prime and supreme need of the country at this moment; and if the admission of women to the suffrage will supply this need, in the name of heaven let them be admitted,

and that without delay. Don't let us stop to haggle about "natural rights" and "equality of privilege." Rights natural or rights conventional—equality or inequality, let us have at once the grand panacea. Let her vote—"vote early and vote often," if that be the way in which the evils which now curse American politics are to be cured.

But is it the way? Let us come down from the realms of imagination and look at facts. The chief drawback upon the happiness of the American people at this moment, in view of emancipation and reconstruction, is the enormous amount of ignorance and incompetence we have taken into our body politic. Not that what has been done is to be regretted. The giving of the suffrage to the freedman was inevitable. It was a matter in which we had no option. Whatever force there may have been in the argument from justice, the overruling plea was necessity. These ignorant black men had to be armed with the ballot to protect their liberty and preserve themselves from personal violence. And having given to them the suffrage, the longer refusal of it to their brethren in the North, few comparatively in number and higher in grade, was a simple impossibility. But it is not to be disguised that our ship of state has taken on a very heavy load. She is freighted to the water's edge, and her timbers creak. That some timid souls on board should quake with fear is hardly to be wondered at; but those who know her strength of keel and the stuff of which she is made have no doubt of her ability to weather the gale, and float safely into smooth waters.

Just at this moment, however, we are hailed with a demand that we shall take on board more than double as much ignorance and unfitness as that which is now putting to the test the ship's capacity. That is to say, we are asked to admit to full political rights the women of the North, black and white, native and foreign, and the women of the South, black and white, native and foreign, just the same as we do the men; and a "Sixteenth Amendment" to the Constitution, as a means of securing this result, is proposed to Congress—Mr. Julian, of Indiana, having the honor of being the first to introduce it. Having, under the pressure of necessity, lowered the tone of American citizenship by admitting 400,000 ignorant voters at the South, we are now asked further to debase it by the admission of 400,000 more of the same class, still more ignorant, and millions besides all over the country, nearly the whole of whom are inexperienced in affairs, and a very large number of whom are at least as grossly ignorant as the men of the same grade who already burden us.\*

It is a settled principle in political science that the people of a government are happy, prosperous, and amenable to law, or otherwise, in proportion to their intelligence. "By a natural law," says Horace Mann, "like that which regulates the fluids, elector and elected tend to the same level." De Tocqueville ascribed the success of democracy in America in a large measure to the people's intelligence. When he headed one of his chapters, "The Danger of American Republics the Omnipotence of the Majority," his hope was in the then all-pervading intelligence of American electors. Thomas Jefferson took comfort from the same hope when he said his "principal solicitude had for its object legislative tyranny clothed with power by electoral majorities." This was at a period when the average understanding of public affairs on the part of electors was very much above that which it is now.

John Stuart Mill, whose name is much used by advocates of the American woman's movement, says (see "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," page 29): "The greatest amount of education which can be fairly regarded as within the reach of every one should be exacted as a *peremptory condition* from all claimants of the franchise. . . . There is surely no reason why every one who applies to be registered as an elector should not be required to copy a sentence of English in the presence of the registering officer, and to perform a sum in the single rule of three. . . . Reading, writing, and arithmetic are but a low standard of educational qualification; and yet even this would have probably sufficed to save France from her present degradation. The millions of voters who, in opposition to nearly every educated person in the country, made Louis Napoleon president, were chiefly peasants, who could neither read nor write, and whose knowledge of public men, even by name, was limited to oral tradition."

These are startling sentiments, coming as they do from the very apostles of democracy, on whom we have been all along relying for justification in our bold procedures. The lesson I would have them teach is

\* Dr. Lee, who has prepared statistical tables under direction of the Department of Education, says that "more than six millions in 1860 (or seven millions now) of the American people constitute a bookless class, shut out from direct access to this main source of knowledge, not counting the million and a half children under ten years of age who cannot yet be said to be illiterate, though they are on the high road to it unless something more efficient is promptly done to save them."

not repentance for the past, but carefulness for the future. We are, I trust, equal to the task we have undertaken. A body politic like ours, with unmeasured educating forces and training facilities, and boundless natural resources, can take in, and digest, and assimilate an immeasurable amount of raw material. But there are limits to any body's capacity. I do not say that we have reached the condition which should remind us of the camel and the proverbial feather. Our breadth of shoulders doubtless affords us still some margin. But I do say that, with the weight of ignorance and incompetence which is now upon us, to voluntarily double the one and triple the other would be to act like fools and defy the gods.

This is, of course, to speak as one without faith, which is just the case of the man I am trying to represent. The believing power which does not stop at mountains is, happily or unhappily, not his. If it is said that this talk about ignorance does not touch the abstract question of woman's right to vote, nor meet the issue as it is put by the most intelligent advocates, I reply, that is true. But it does touch the concrete question which is every day brought to our own doors, and it does meet the peremptory demand made by certain leaders for immediate practical action—at least, so it seems to the dissenting person for whom I speak, whose difficulties are not upon the abstract doctrine as held by some, but upon the concrete issue which has been made up by others.

With your leave, I shall continue the subject next week.

M.

ORANGE, March 18, 1870.

### MR. PUMPELLE AND HIS DEFENSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In pursuing the controversy with Mr. Pumpelly upon the relations of foreigners in China with the Chinese, I will not encroach upon your patience by enlarging on the incidents from which he generalizes, though I could easily prove that they were exceptional. I leave to your readers to judge of the justice of such sweeping conclusions upon such slender foundations.

It is as if an European in one of our cities who saw an old woman knocked down by a fast trotting-horse whom his owner could not hold, should write to his friends that such was the common practice in American cities, and draw a touching picture of the decay of civilization and Christian habits in this unhappy land.

I will confine myself to stating that since I wrote my first letter I have received numerous confirmations of my assertions, applying to the period anterior to 1863, from persons who have lived or travelled in China, and that on re-reading Mr. Pumpelly's original statements with his present reiteration, my strongest feeling still is, amazement at such a singular misconception and misrepresentation of communities which, as a whole, are a credit to the nations which they represent.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD CUNNINGHAM.

BOSTON, MASS., March 19, 1870.

### CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS IN OLD TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Pumpelly doubtless tells what he thought he saw, but every newspaper reporter and every jury trial will tell you with what different eyes the same event is viewed by different parties. When I read his original stories of the *Surprise* and the street behavior of foreigners, I was struck with wonder at the change which had come over that community since the days when I resided in the Celestial Empire; and now Mr. Cunningham tells us that his experience of *modern* China corresponds with my own recollections of what may now be called *old* times there.

A few illustrations will show you how we used to be *educated* in China to respect the lives of the Chinese. All old residents there will remember the case of the British gunner. The East India Company, during the N.E. monsoon, usually had a fleet of frigate-built ships, 15 to 20 in number, lying at Whampoa, armed with about 20 heavy guns and 100 to 150 men each. When celebrating some anniversary by firing a salute, one of their gunners observed a small China boat in range, and called his officer's attention to it, but was ordered to "fire." Immediately the Chinese, under their practice of demanding "a life for a life," called for the gunner's being given up to be tried for homicide, which, under their laws, meant certain condemnation. After much negotiation and delay, the spirit of trade was too strong even for British pride or humanity—the gunner was given up, tried, and executed, and this at a time when the Chinese, having no foreign treaties, were usually dealt with by the English as barbarians and their laws in every possible way set at naught.

The Company's fleet had perfect command of the Canton River, and,



with their superior arms and equipments, they could not only have protected their gunner, but could have taken the forts, or perhaps the city itself. Later, a similar, though far less objectionable, surrender was made by the Americans. A sailor on board a little brig, in some petty quarrel, threw a jar at a boat-woman, which knocked her overboard or otherwise killed her. By the Chinese laws his life was forfeited—we had no U. S. ship near—no armed fleet to defend him—no power of resistance; and, assuming the Chinese to be a civilized nation, we had no right to resist giving him up to be tried by their laws; after all possible efforts to save him short of armed resistance, he was given up, tried, and executed.

With such examples before us, it was an axiom with the foreign community to avoid collision with the Chinese, and, if it came, to stand any amount of violence or indignity rather than to take a Chinese life. A story which, whether true or not, is an illustration of the same feeling, was current regarding one of the East India Company's agents: When shooting snipe just before dusk, an unlucky shot killed a costie, working alone in the paddy-field. To leave him there meant stoppage of the trade for two or three months, and either flight or death to the unhappy sportsman; he quietly dug a hole with his hands and gun in the sept rice-field, buried the lonely costie, who in that redundant population was never missed, and only told the story years afterwards when he could safely confess his *bad shooting* to his select circle.

All old residents in China will confirm my experience of the former position of foreigners, while Mr. Cunningham's evidence shows a similar position in these late years. The readiness of John Bull, and, I am sorry to say, in some instances of Brother Jonathan, to bombard, is no contradiction to this rule. The line is nowhere so strongly drawn as in China between public and private action. The Chinese Government sacrifices human life profusely, yet carefully protects it in private. Foreign governments, or their naval representatives, have done the same; and perhaps it is a natural reaction of the foreign residents from their personal subordination to the Chinese customs that we find them all opposing Mr. Burlingame's policy, and insisting upon having all local outbreaks or invasions of their real or supposed rights dealt with summarily by local foreign consuls, aided by the ever-ready bombshell of the navies.

One word, now, about the *Surprise*. As in the old story of the chameleon, both Mr. Pumpelly and Mr. Cunningham may be right. In these waters the tide runs like a sluice-way; and I have myself seen a case of collision in the old days when to kill a Chinaman was punishable with death, and when the penalty, too, was, as I have shown, *enforced*. The Professor might have seen it and, in his innocence of nautical matters, made a case of foreign barbarity out of it. A typhoon was blowing, the passage narrow, the tide strong, when a frail China boat pulled right across our bow. It was a case for the hardest to fend off. We did all we could to clear him, but we had to brush him away or suffer shipwreck; and we did so, happily, without fatal results.

So, too, I have seen a broad-shouldered foreigner flourish his cane in exceptional cases, but he would be brought to his bearings about as soon as he would in Boston; and the bamboo was always hanging over the foreigners rather than the Chinese. A handful of foreigners in the midst of the sturdy millions of China, it could hardly be otherwise in those days, and I cannot believe it is otherwise now, upon the evidence of a passing traveller, who very naturally generalizes every occurrence that is worthy of his note-book.

TAE-PAN.

### THE INSIDE OF "A SHELL-HEAP."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having recently examined an artificial "shell-heap," somewhat peculiar in structure, I will give you the results of my observations.

It is situated on "Big Island," in the Tennessee River, about five miles south of the line where the stream enters the State of Alabama. The island lies north and south, is five miles long, and less than a quarter of a mile broad; is crossed east and west by the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, which touches the western bank of the river near the village of Bridgeport. Shell-heaps may be seen not only on the island but on the opposite alluvial terraces. I counted twelve from one standpoint. They are alike in their general appearance, and are found, upon being measured, to have about the same proportions. The one examined by myself was twenty feet in its longest diameter, raised in a conical shape six feet above the "river bottom." Upon making an excavation eighteen feet in circumference, from the apex to this level, shell deposits were found to extend three feet below it. We came next to a layer of sandy loam two feet in thickness. Beneath this the remains of four human skeletons were dis-

covered, at unequal distances, resting horizontally upon a shell-bed, which had yielded, in some places, to the pressure from above, leaving the bones in a kind of cist. Portions of them were removed tolerably preserved—including half of a skull, a scapula, femur, tibia, sacrum, and entire under jaw, with the teeth in a sound condition. Fragments of pottery composed of red clay and powdered mussel shells were taken out with the bones, and a whole vessel, of the same material, which would hold a pint. The remains bore the marks of fire—were mixed with calcined shells, charcoal, and burnt earth. Below the bed on which the remains were deposited, which was two feet thick, was another layer of earth, sand, and loam, covering fragments of human and animal bones, and resting on a deposit of shells that extended to the natural clay substratum.

The mound was composed chiefly of separated bivalves of the river mussel—*unio alatus*—mixed with varieties of land and water shells. None of the same species, either in a geological or artificial formation, were found below the surface of the surrounding alluvion. I do not remember to have seen an account of any "shell-heap" so stratified and resting upon a foundation below the soil.

Without taking notice of similar piles in other localities, for controversial comparisons, it may be proper for me to say, after having examined a large number in Alabama and Tennessee, that many of them seem to have been built and not accidentally accumulated—are something more than "kitchen refuse"—*Kjökkenmiddings* of Northern Europe, or the debris of Indian villages, marking the permanent settlements of a fish-eating population. Such heaps may be found, but they are distinguished from structures. I have found in the last almost every variety of weapons, tools, and utensils, in connection with human remains carefully deposited, that have been discovered in those ancient earth-works called tumuli. In the great "shell-mound," which originally covered an area of more than an acre, which gives its name to a village on the left bank of the Tennessee, near the celebrated cave of Nickijack, in the progress of railway excavations startling developments were made of more than a hundred human skeletons, with all their sepulchral possessions, such as stone axes, hatchets, chisels, spear-heads, arrow-points, knives, pipes, shell beads and rings, bone spoons and needles, disks, pestles, bowls, vases, copper bracelets, and the inevitable stone or earthen pot that attends the burial remnants of prehistoric humanity. Many of these relics have been preserved. Many more have been "lost by being found." To ascribe shell-works with their contents to the handicraft of the Indian tribes of the Columbian era, seems to overrate their knowledge of the arts, and confound the signs of the very remote origin of these mounds with the deposits of a recent period. Besides, I can see no reason why these savages of the Mushogee or Cherokee species, who hated labor as they did an enemy—were too lazy to enclose a "corn patch" or remove a nuisance—should have been so particular about the disposal of their clam-shells as to pile the kitchen-heaps of many generations of their race in the form of a circular tower of observation, or "look-out," fifty feet high (such a structure may now be seen, having sloping sides, and a graded pathway to its truncated summit); or why those shells, after being accidentally thrown down, should have assumed hay-cock shapes, in groups of four or eight, or in a straight line with the margin of a river, equidistant from each other, and resting upon foundations unlike the surface soil; or how scattered bones and fragmentary implements could take form and order underground, in a human frame carefully laid under cedar bark, a hatchet in its skeleton hand, a sculptured pipe, arrow-points, and beads made of the column of a large sea-shell, the *pyrula*, by its side, a copper disk upon its sunken ribs, and at its head a vessel of fine clay delicately wrought, containing food supposed to be necessary to sustain the departed warrior on his journey to the spirit-land of his fathers.

VIATOR.

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

MESSERS. LEONARD & Co., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, announce that, on account of Fast Day, they are obliged to postpone the sale of the Stevens collection one week—that is, to Tuesday, April 12, and the three days following.—Photographs of the scenery along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad are, we presume, more abundant than those of the country through which the Union Pacific passes; at least, so far as our experience has gone, they are. Undoubtedly, too, the former road offers grander views than the latter; but Prof. F. V. Hayden, who occupies the chair of geology and mineralogy in the University of Pennsyl-

vania, and who has been exploring the Territories for several years, says, in a circular just issued from Washington, that he has often desired that "the remarkable mountain scenery of Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah might be brought to the notice of the lovers of the picturesque in nature," through the agency of photography. The construction of the Union Pacific "led to the production of a fine series of photographs by Mr. A. J. Russell," with whom Prof. Hayden now means to co-operate in preparing a volume of these views from Cheyenne to Salt Lake City. There will be thirty in all, "selected with great care from a large number of negatives, and, in most cases, the preference has been given to those which are characteristic of the geology and geography of that interesting region." Text to the extent of one hundred and fifty pages, "written in popular style," will accompany the pictures, and describe each minutely, and, in more general terms, the geology and resources of the country from Omaha to Salt Lake Valley. "Sun-Pictures of Rocky Mountain Scenery" is the title selected for the volume, which will be a "good-sized quarto," and equal in all parts of its manufacture "to any work of the kind ever published in America." The number of copies will be limited, and sold only to subscribers, at \$25 per copy, payable on delivery. Those who wish to subscribe may send their addresses to Mr. Julius Bien, lithographer, at 16 Park Place, in this city, who can already furnish a partial list of the proposed views. "Sun-Pictures" will form a natural companion to the "Yosemite Guide-Book" of Prof. Whitney.—Capt. Raphael Semmes is to write the "Cruise of the *Alabama* and *Sumter*," and has procured Mr. Carleton for his publisher.—Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce "The Memoirs of Fifty Years," by W. H. Sparks, the fruit of a long Western experience, and to contain many biographical notices and anecdotes of more or less distinguished Americans.—"Insanity in Women," by Prof. H. R. Storer, M.D.; "Alaska and its Resources," by Mr. W. H. Dall, late of the Russian Telegraph Expedition—a book that will be illustrated with nearly 100 wood-cuts from drawings by the author, and an entirely new map of the Territory; and "Williams College Biographical Annals," by Rev. Calvin Durfee, with an introduction by Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., are the principal announcements of Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

—We hear of one American who says that, having made money enough, he intends to spend some of it, not in fast horses, as some do; nor in building; nor in running for Congress; nor in travelling—but in publishing a magazine which shall be remarkable among magazines for its typographical beauty, if not for the literary excellence of its contents. This is ambition of a sort which does not influence very many of our American rich men. They are as ready as the wealthy of any other country, perhaps readier, to spend their riches for the promotion of moral reforms, or for patriotic purposes, or ostentatiously, and for material comfort; but the expenditure by one person of much money in the gratification of refined tastes has not hitherto been common in the United States, and the intelligent expenditure of large sums in this way has been uncommon. Book-collecting has had more or less of the attention of our men of means; but much of our book-collecting is done lavishly rather than sensibly, and too often our American book-buyers purchase not with a purpose, but whimsically, and buy libraries to show, and not books to be read or selected so as to be useful to the student. Such seems to have been the way in which was got together the Rice collection, which has been sold this week by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. It was the property of a citizen of Chicago, and would have been described by the late Artemus Ward as "mucilaginous." All kinds of books were in it—many of them not only expensive but rare, and some, Mr. Sabin says, unique—but it contained, so to speak, only individual books, and had nothing approaching a completed department. We ought hardly to be so sweeping as to say that there was nothing in it which was at all like a completed department; for, three or four years ago, Mr. Rice, the owner, took fourteen thousand dollars and bought in a lump a collection of *Americana*, formed by Mr. J. F. McCoy, of this city—a collection which, Mr. Sabin thinks, is as good for its size as any within his knowledge, and Mr. Sabin's knowledge is well known by book-buyers to be very extensive and accurate. Still, in general, it must be evident to any one who has looked over the catalogue which Mr. Sabin has prepared—and prepared with the unusual care that was to have been expected of him—that the library was bought as merchandise rather than as anything else. Money was not spared, however, and there were to be found in the catalogue, amid a vast number which were not tempting, a good many tempting "lots."

—A tiny publication of eight pages, called the *Phonographic Record*,

issued quarterly, has made its appearance here, and tells of what has been accomplished in its first year by the American Phonographic Society. The members seem to be from among the followers of Mr. Munson, as distinguished from the school of Mr. Graham, and Mr. Lindsley and his Tachygraphy are condemned on grounds which we are not qualified to dispute. The society aims to introduce a uniform system of writing phonography, and to organize a system of instruction capable of enabling any one to master the principles of the art and to practise it. We wish it success. Mr. Munson, who already publishes the *Phonographic Advocate* at 117 Nassau street, announces the revival of another monthly, the *Phonographic Magazine*, to be printed entirely in phonographic characters. The mechanical obstacles to such a publication are quite serious, but we understand they have been tolerably met by a new process of reproduction.

—The legal arguments in the late School-Bible case before the Superior Court of Cincinnati, with the opinions and decision of the Court, have been published in elegant style by Messrs. R. W. Clarke & Co., of that city, and the volume deserves to be studied by those who desire to prepare themselves for an issue which will sooner or later become general in all the States. The *Christian World* for February, published at the Bible House in this city, is devoted entirely to "a carefully digested summary of the views and reasonings of all parties to the controversy." A similar digest is in preparation and will be published shortly, by Messrs. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., as Vols. V. and VI. of their pocket "Library of Education;" so that on the whole the average voter will have only himself to blame if not in possession of all the material facts and opinions for forming a judgment. The constitutional ground of debate in Cincinnati was the seventh section of the Bill of Rights, which reads as follows:

"Religion, morality, and knowledge, however, being essential to good government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass suitable laws to protect every religious denomination in the peaceable enjoyment of its own mode of worship, and to encourage schools and the means of instruction."

The natural interpretation of this clause would be to distribute "protection of religious worship" and "encouragement of schools" between "religion and morality," and "knowledge," respectively. The advocates of retaining the Bible, however, took an opposite view, and held that it was designed to maintain schools in the interest of religion as well as of pure knowledge. Even as thus stated, there is infinite room for debate as to what constitutes religion, and how religion is to be got and taught. But since the inseparability of religion and the "means of instruction" is insisted on, we may as well accept it as an argument why public libraries should be opened on Sunday as regularly and as naturally as churches. If the two do not conflict on week-days—if the library is not *per se* and always adverse to religion—if, on the contrary, it is a recognized aid to every form of theological belief that does not rest on ignorance, then assuredly there is no argument for Sunday closing that will bear examination. The Massachusetts House of Representatives has adopted this opinion by substituting for an unfavorable report of committee a bill authorizing the opening of public libraries on Sunday, and so far modifying the strictness of the statutes relating to the observance of the day. This action we have long expected with confidence; and it matters little, for the final result, that the Senate has disagreed with the House.

—The learned Diedrich Knickerbocker (a correspondent writes us), in his authentic history of New York, relates that Wandle Schoonhoven and Barent Bleecker, having had a dispute about the settlement of a book-account, brought their case before Mynher Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch Governor of the province. Having listened attentively to the statements, and carefully examined the books of both parties, "the sage Wouter, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was the final opinion of the court that Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs." The historian adds that "the happiest effect of this most sage and righteous judgment, well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, was that the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of these losel scouts known in the province for many years." The Solons of the Committee of Ways (weights) and Means have not been unmindful of the decision of the worthy Dutch Governor. They have patiently listened to the statements of publishers, and have reported a bill to the House, in which it is solemn-



ly decreed that *the books shall be weighed and the readers shall pay the costs.* And they no doubt expect that its happiest effect will be that not one of those "lovel scouts" called students shall be known in the country for years.

—Doubtless the Pacific Railroad is some day going to do for us as much as a year ago we were all expecting—whether or not it is going to do all the things, and the very things, which many of us were a year ago predicting that it would. But certainly, so far, it has not shown that promptness we were hoping for in bringing us our *Overland Monthly*. All the blame, then, is not ours that in talking from month to month about the magazines, we have often omitted mention of the *Overland*. Among its other estimable qualities it has the habit of appearing at the time when it says it does, and the March number is not out till March. Our other magazines offer themselves to the public twenty days, or fifteen days, or a week, before the month of their date—as if our patriotic publishers intended that at least the final number of the American periodical should contain not mere current literature but that literature for eternity which every true American desires to see produced on the soil of this continent. The Day of Judgment can nohow come so late that it won't find *Putnam's*, and the *Atlantic*, and *Old and New*, and *Lippincott's*, and the *Catholic World* some fortnight or so ahead of it. It is, however, of little consequence that the *Overland* fails to get so many "notices" as most of its rivals. It is a magazine which so well deserves praise as to be very well able to dispense with it; and we speak of it now not out of contrition, nor at the demand of justice, but only to express the pleasure we have just been feeling in reading the number before us. The pleasure which we have just been feeling, we say; for we are not so sure about its being a pleasure that will endure; a pleasure that ought to be had, and can be had again; a pleasure that a writer may justly seek to give; a pleasure reconcilable with happiness. We have in mind particularly Mr. Bret Harte's story called "Brown of Calaveras." It is very striking for its freshness of incident, and for the vividness with which it sets its personages before us, and for the skillfulness with which it is told, and for its power over the feelings. But should we—do we—approve of it? For our own part, we find that we do not; and we think that we ought not. Habitually, Mr. Harte takes for his materials a woman who has lost her virtue, or a man who is in most respects rascally, and balances the grain of good still left in the character against its general worthlessness. To be sure, it is true that no good man or woman is all good; and true, too, that there is no man or woman so bad as to be utterly destitute of some sort of goodness. But are not these truths only too likely to secure too easily too much of our attention? Are they so occult and so little regarded that there is need of a captivating writer to urge them upon us? They are truths in human nature which are of a kind peculiarly to attract a writer; but we doubt if the writer is not wise who leaves them alone—or at least we doubt if in the long run writers will not find that it is easy to make them more prominent than is good for lasting fame, which always is seen in the end to be based upon truth to what is best in human nature. Of the other things in this month's *Overland*, perhaps the most noticeable is a piece of verse called "Chiquita," which also we take to be Mr. Harte's. It is in hexameters which would please Dr. John Neale—hexameters which show how perfectly natural the hexameter is in English speech, whether or not people think it can be naturalized in English prosody. We quote a few verses, premising that Chiquita is a mare, and that the speaker is her owner:

"Morgan? She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it.  
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.  
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?  
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in Frisco.

"Hed n't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do—quit that foolin'!  
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.  
Horses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys,  
And 'tain't every man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

"Know the old ford on the fork, that nearly got Flannigan's leaders?  
Nasty in daylight, you bet; and a mighty rough ford in low water.  
Well, it ain't six ago since me, and the Jedge, and his nevey,  
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us!

"Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek jest a bilin',  
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.  
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey Chiquita;  
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon."

The last is the only verse of this clever poem in which one is compelled to see that there have been at work in the making of it two people—the horse-dealer, or stage-driver, and the poet. Or perhaps stage-drivers, also, as well as poets, say,

"And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon."

Perhaps the stage-driver of American real life, like the rest of his fellow-citizens, scorns to talk always in character. Perhaps Mr. Harte may, as a matter of fact, have reproduced in all particulars and with exactness Chiquita's owner. Still, if we drag him into the domain of art, even the American hack driver we can reduce to subserviency; and if we do drag him there, we are bound so to reduce him. For the rest, the *Overland* for March has some book-notices which, as usual, are pleasant reading, though it may be doubted if they are so good as criticisms; a story entitled "Romance of a Trunk," which may not be very much, but which, nevertheless, is very nice, and will increase the sum of human happiness; a description by an officer's wife of camp life in Arizona; something about the Sandwich Islands; something about Lower California; something about Guatemala; something about British Columbia; some pretty verses called "Not Yet;" and two or three other articles of which none is not readable. We are at all times, when articulate speech, of whatsoever kind, uttered in California either by word of mouth or by published print, is our theme of discourse—we are to be understood as making mental reservations in favor of the humor of the *San Francisco News Letter*; but we desire to give it out as our opinion, that, all things considered, the *Overland Monthly* can hardly be said to have a superior among American magazines. So far, it has at least been a perfectly honest magazine, and has done no puffing, has had no padding, has made no pretense, and has escaped the deadly sin of dulness. This, if it is negative praise, is still, comparatively speaking, very high praise. By way of positive praise, we may say that the *Overland* has had the best short stories ever published in any American magazine; that its book-notices contain nearly as agreeable writing as the *Atlantic's* department of book-notices; and that it is sure to have papers concerning the Pacific coast, the Plains, or the islands of the Pacific, which are almost always fresh and interesting by reason of their subjects, and often are exceedingly well done.

—Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull is reputed to be the only person in the United States who can interpret Eliot's Indian Bible. Those who can appreciate such a distinction, and the labor necessary to attain it, will feel under peculiar obligations to him for his latest contribution to the study of the Indian tongues. He has reprinted from the second volume of the Connecticut Historical Society's Collections his paper on "The Composition of Indian Geographical names, illustrated from the Algonkin Languages." After laying down the rule that "every Indian synthesis, names of persons and places not excepted, must 'preserve the consciousness of its roots,'" and that consequently Indian proper names all have a meaning and a precise one, Mr. Trumbull states the principles which govern the structure of them, and then, in an orderly manner, exhibits the chief suffixes entering into the composition of names of places. For those who have studied the language of the aborigines, the pamphlet will be a guide to the true methods of interpretation; but mere guessers had best beware of it. A large part of Mr. Trumbull's illustrations, drawn from Indian names still preserved, after having suffered more or less of phonetic decay, in our geographical nomenclature, is excellent Old Mortality work, and as trustworthy as anything can be that depends on English orthoepy and orthography of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of many of the derivations there is no sort of doubt. Whoever prefers the spelling "Alleghany" to "Allegheny," can now cite the original *welthik-hanné*, meaning "the best (or, the fairest) river," *hanne* or *han* being the suffix for "a rapid stream." What the Delawares called by this name the Senecas in the same sense called the *Oue-yo'* or *O-hee' yo'*, and we the Ohio. That beautiful New Hampshire lake whose name is a trial to every tourist to the White Mountains, is less near the original when spelt "Winnepesaukee" than as pronounced. "It is compounded of *winni*, *nippe*, and *sauki*, 'good-water discharge,' and the name must have belonged originally to the outlet by which the waters of the lake pass to the Merrimack, rather than to the lake itself." "Connecticut" is from *Quinni-tuk-ut*, "on long river," the last syllable being the locative. "The *c* in the second syllable of the modern name," says Mr. Trumbull, "has no business there, and it is difficult to find a reason for its intrusion;" so that those who pronounce the *c*, as some do, are doubly in error. The inseparable ending *-kwitti* (*-quoddy*) or (*Micmac*) *-aikadee*, to denote place, when affixed to nouns in the indefinite plural, was of so frequent occurrence as probably to have been taken for the general name of the region inhabited by the tribes using it, and to have led the early geographers and voyagers to call this "L'Arcadia," "L'Acadie," and "La Cadie," by which the country is known to this day.

—Compulsory education has become a concern to Philadelphia, and

the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools have prepared an act to be presented to the Legislature, providing for the enforced attendance, after January 1 of next year, of all children between eight and fourteen years, at some school, public or private. The proposed exceptions, however, will allow a good deal of latitude—possibly too much to make the rule effective—and in a city which furnishes textbooks without cost to its pupils, the clause excusing parents by reason of extreme poverty from sending their children to school seems less necessary than elsewhere, and liable to abuse by those classes which laws of this kind are especially designed to reach. If not famous for the character of its common schools, Philadelphia is better provided than most cities with educational resorts for the working-classes; each section having so-called Institutes, with comfortable reading-rooms and a fair amount of books and teaching. A Night School for Artisans, we notice, has just had its closing exercises in the Central High School building, illustrating the courses in geometry, drawing, chemistry, physics, etc. The registered number of pupils (whose mean age was 23) is given as 522, while the capacity of the school was but 250; but the average attendance did not exceed 200. The term lasted twenty weeks, and instruction was chiefly imparted by lectures, the students taking notes. In Boston, a free Evening High School has been opened, with an attendance of one hundred and twenty-five pupils, ranging from eighteen to forty-five years of age. The end of instruction appears to be commercial rather than mechanical training, though there have been "familiar lectures upon the subjects of architecture, history, mineralogy, parliamentary law, etc.," and "among the pupils are representatives of every class of artisans, the majority, however, being employed in the day-time in stores, as clerks or otherwise;" together with some nine or ten young ladies. The attendance has been nearly eighty-five per cent. A much larger school of the kind exists, we believe, in this city, but the Boston experiment is the first in New England. Public Evening Schools in Providence, by the way, are not, as we lately stated, a result of the efforts of the Rhode Island Educational Union, but have been in operation many years, with a single period of cessation.

—It would be an experience worth having to stand upon the exact spot from which Xenophon and his Ten Thousand first caught sight of the sea, and feel something of the thrill which the shouting of the van infused into the rear of the Greek column, when all the weary train broke into a run, the draught-cattle and the horses as eagerly as the men. But then, we should need to feel very sure—quite as much so as when Mark Twain wept at the tomb of Adam—that we were indeed upon the spot and no other; and we might even demand to be shown the mound which the Greeks raised in the hour of their great rejoicing. Unhappily, as yet, no one has been able to fix upon the "sacred mountain Theches" of the narrative, and from the crossing of the Euphrates (Anab. IV., v. 2) to the arrival at Trapezus, there is no part of the retreat that can be mapped with absolute certainty. The number of writers who have attempted it is not few, but great are the differences between them, and we still lack such scientific knowledge of Upper Armenia as to make it easy to decide to which theory probability inclines. The latest authority on this subject, which will always possess an interest for the lovers of antiquity, is Wilhelm Strecker, a colonel in the Turkish service, who has travelled extensively in Armenia, and contributes to No. 24 of the *Zeitschrift für Erdkunde* (New York: L. W. Schmidt) a map of that portion of the country traversed in the Anabasis, with an indication of the course pursued by the Greeks, and an article in support of it. His conclusions, however, are firmly combated by the veteran geographer, H. Kiepert, who agrees with him only as to one point, in the middle of the route, and decides for both another beginning and end. Nevertheless, any one who is engaged as a teacher in expounding Xenophon would do well to procure this number of the *Zeitschrift*, since the general map is no doubt quite correct, and it is instructive to see between what limits the truth may lie. The difficulties of the problem are of course enhanced by the imperfections of Xenophon's itinerary, besides the necessity of making allowances for his estimates of progress on account of the natural obstacles of so mountainous a region.

#### JARVES'S "ART THOUGHTS."

MR. JARVES'S book brings up for renewed examination the old questions about critical judgment of the fine arts. The immediate enquiry started by his remarks, and which some of the reviewers of his book have

followed, is the enquiry as to whether artists are necessarily the best judges of art, or whether those who approach the subject from a different direction may not get closer to its heart. Mr. Jarves's own position is obviously, and is known of all men to be, that of a collector. The collector's standard of judgment is the historical, so to speak. The most accomplished collector is he who has the quickest eye to pick out and the most unerring judgment to discriminate. The most useful helper to the collector is the expert who can judge infallibly between the work of a master and that of a pupil, between enamel painting of the thirteenth century and that of the fourteenth, between antique engraved gems and Renaissance imitations. This knowledge is the fruit of long and close study. To excel in it requires a natural gift as rare, perhaps, as any. Few are they born to be experts in art; but to be anything in it whatever requires, for born genius and for ordinary mortal alike, many years of devoted application. Moreover, no one can be a first-rate judge of one branch of art, or of the works of one epoch, without having a very sound and well-founded knowledge of the whole field, nor yet without having a tolerably profound sense of what discriminating taste means. There are limitations, and we will not require a Parisian expert to know much about English landscape painting in the sense of having a lively sense of its minute shades of excellence. But to have an intense curiosity always awake, a memory that lets nothing slip, and an indescribable power of distinguishing at first glance the essential from the accidental and temporary characteristics of works of art—to have all this, and to be, what naturally follows, an observer where other men are blind, and a discriminating judge where other men find only confusion, this is essential to the character of the brilliant collector, and of the expert, the less brilliant collector's guide.

Few well-informed persons will disagree with our author in his opinion (pp. 344, 345) that professional painters and sculptors can seldom become judges of art in this sense. "The best judges of objects of art, in general," says Mr. Jarves, "are not found among artists, but among those who stake their money or reputation on them as dealers or connoisseurs. Most artists limit their instruction to a specialty of their epoch. Seldom do they interest themselves in what does not immediately concern their own studies or aims. As a class, they are more indifferent to old art of any kind, and less versed in its history, character, motives, and methods, than are amateurs." It cannot be otherwise; it can never be otherwise. "Most artists" must so limit their instruction, for the simple and sufficient reason that to excel in their art takes their whole time. Painting that is good for anything is the result of constant and unremitted work with the brush, the pencil, the pen, the charcoal, out of doors and indoors, in the life-school and among the casts of "the antique," among the strangeness and novelties of a foreign land, or among the familiar things of home. Daily work and all day long has been that which has made of gifted men great artists, and of less gifted men useful and pleasure-giving artists. If there is one thing noticeable in the lives of those who have become giants in power, and seemingly more than human in their inspired insight into men and things, it is their ceaseless, restless, tireless activity. The autotypes from drawings by the old masters, of which we have spoken with enthusiasm in the *Nation*, would seem to have to teach us for our first lesson that *what* one chooses to draw, and *how* one chooses to draw, is of less importance than *how much* he draws.

This statement, which is not meant to be an exaggeration, may seem so to those who have a somewhat exclusive taste in matters of fine art. But we are speaking not of choice of subjects for paintings, the result and flower of a working life, but of choice of subjects for study and manner of study. To have the pencil always in the hand has been said to be the surest means of becoming all one's nature permits in the way of executive excellence as an artist. The noblest art of the past is of less importance to a painter of our time than the faces and gestures and men and women, the sports of children, the habits and the shapes of birds and beasts, the forms and colors of things in general. Every moment that a Leech takes from the observation of London street-boys and English hunting-fields, and gives to the study of the sacred art of the Florentines of the fourteenth century, is so much taken away from his peculiar strength. He may take recreation in study of the arts of other times, but after all this will not be as good rest for him as poetry or music. The painter who means to make a glorious name for himself by painting must keep his strength and his freshness for the practice of his art, and must make other things help toward it and rest him from it. He must live to his more noble trade at least as persistently as a broker does to his less noble one, and must go outside of it for his recreation only, but for his recreation it is outside that he must go.

\* Art Thoughts. The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe. By James Jackson Jarves. Author of 'Art Hints,' 'The Art Idea,' etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869. Pp. ix., 379.



If there is any truth in these views, the world must look to others than to artists for final judgment on art. But, it will be said, surely no one's opinion on a picture is so well worth having as a painter's. Yes; and no. No one's opinion on a painting is worth much unless he can paint; that is perfectly true. When Mr. Hamerton proposes to write about etching, and, as a condition precedent, buys "coppers" and fits up a press, and goes to etching, and printing his etchings, it is to be admitted that he is taking a good way to prepare himself for sound judgment. One's only doubt is as to the length of life and the amount of time practically available, and the most concentrated ways of self-education. What makes Ruskin a judge of art worth listening to, in spite of his uncritical habit of mind, is his enormous knowledge, gained by a life's hard work. When he wants to study Titian, he copies, touch by touch, the best and least injured work of Titian's he can find; or is it Venetian architecture he proposes to study? he makes careful drawings of all the best work in Venice—taking three winters to it. He is one of the most accomplished and most powerful draughtsmen alive, both in monochrome and in color, and more especially in landscape subject; and he has become so in the course of thirty years' studying nature and art, with brush in hand. But it will be seen that he does not consider himself an artist, that he never exhibits, that this executive power has been gained *by the way*, and to help him to his end. When any man proposes to fit himself for the proper judgment of art, he must learn to produce it, no doubt. As Mr. Jarves well says, a good painter will be an excellent judge of pictures of his own time; probably the best, though to be this he should be a very superior painter, indeed. "Andrea del Sarto could buy for Francis I. the best works of the Florentine school, because he was a competent judge of his contemporaries." Very probably; and no one would have hesitated to accept Mulready's or Dyce's choice of pictures of the English school, or Turner's of landscape painting generally. But (not to speak of the all-accomplished Dyce—that modern Leonardo) any one might have hesitated to accept Mulready's, or even Turner's, selection of works of art other than in their own line. Not that either of these men was incompetent to become a judge. There are no intellectual powers given to men more exalted than the artistic gift in its higher development; and we are of those who look upon Turner as the pre-eminent artistic genius of this century; while Mulready was of the race of Titans, however, one may dispute concerning the exact value of certain of his works. But in order to know, one must learn; and an all-absorbing pursuit, at once mechanical and intellectual, is not the best preparation for a minutely discriminating judgment of a score of other and different, though kindred, arts.

It is not, however, as a critical work that Mr. Jarves's book is to be viewed. The instances are few in which he allows himself to pass judgment upon a work of art. His "Art Thoughts" should rather be regarded as a series of fifteen essays upon subjects connected with the fine arts as they now exist. The view taken in these chapters is that of the studious amateur, desirous to help his countrymen to enjoy the beautiful arts, which they so commonly disregard, but who proposes rather to offer hints for their guidance than to teach them. The standard of judgment may be challenged as being too transcendental and remote. Practitioners of any art are apt to look with suspicion upon discussion of it which goes too far away to look for causes and motives and analogies; and their suspicion is just. This is the danger to which all writers are exposed when treating of arts which they have not practised themselves. Not that there is not a remote cause for every observed peculiarity, and a transcendental side to every meritorious work of art, and subtle analogies between the arts and the men and the literature and the social life of every age; but to see these things aright requires an insight which few men possess. Akin to this is what seems to us an exaggerated admiration for artists of peculiarly unworldly and mystical genius, as notably William Blake. The pages devoted to him and his works are filled with an admiration and reverence, to our mind, greatly exaggerated. Exaggerated in comparative statement they are certainly; as witness the comparison, on page 216, between Blake and Turner. It needs to be said again and again, for it is the tendency of all modern thought to put the fact out of sight, that the formative arts have to do, first, last, and all the time, with the visible. Let it be granted that Blake was wholly a mystic, that he lived an almost purely spiritual life, that his art is one dream of unearthly beauty and unearthly power; let it be granted that nothing in Turner's art shows whether he believed or not, nor in what he believed, if at all. The works of art produced by Turner, taken together, are probably greater than any other body of art whatever that this century has produced. There is the one drawback that many of these pictures are

perishable and perishing; there is the fact that his works have not the uniform excellence throughout their united extent which, but for unfortunate education and surroundings, the world would have a right to expect from one of its greatest men; but, after these allowances are made, the conclusion must be that more of that high pleasure which it is the mission of art to give can be got from the works of Turner than from any other mass or group of works of art of our time. As regards the power, imagination, versatility, insight, artistic greatness, in short, which these works would lead us to attribute to their author, there can be little question that, in this regard, Turner ranks with the great of all time—with Titian and Leonardo. Now, to compare Blake, as painter or as imaginative designer, with this colossus, is to seek to establish new canons of criticism; it is to confound mysticism with creative imagination; avoidance of the world and external nature with mastery of them; lovely dreams with matured strength of daylight intelligence.

So far, however, it is only as to degree of approval that we are disposed to question Mr. Jarves's views; so far, it has been delightful to follow and discuss his appreciative criticism. But it is matter of regret that the praise given to Gustave Doré (and not on pages 274 and 275 only, but in many places) should be allowed to remain. We had supposed that Doré was about "given up" by the most enthusiastic of his admirers. That shallow reputation—the reputation of a great artist given to a man who cannot draw the human figure nor the human face, except as a caricature, nor landscape in any form; whose design is the constant repetition of a few not very natural forms of vulgarity; whose greatest and almost sole gift is in the easy and constant reproduction of his own established types—this reputation, non-existent among the artists and critics of art in his own country, it is not necessary to discuss seriously. No designer can produce more rapidly, and no one has so marked a taste for sickening horrors of obscenity and of physical suffering; and perhaps no living artist understands better the knack of producing drawings that shall be clever-looking while really without knowledge or ideas; but these things do not make artists of great importance.

That part of Mr. Jarves's book which, written in the first person, tells of his own experiences as a collector and a student in Europe, is most interesting. The story of the "False Leonardo"—the picture which ingenious knaves had made into a counterfeit presentment of the lost "Saint Catherine" of Francis I.'s gallery—is fully told. It seems that the picture has been, by Mr. Jarves's order, cleaned of all new work and retouching over half its surface, while the other half is left as when it was offered as the lost Leonardo. We are informed that it is Mr. Jarves's intention to bring it to this country, and show everybody by this crucial instance how clever the Parisian fabricators of false pictures have become. Mingled with this are many passages of interesting description of the men and things of Europe, especially of Italy, and the story rises to pathos in the description of the poor women who show pictures in Italian churches. It is one of the most interesting books that the time affords, and we have only to regret that a certain want of arrangement or of sequence keeps one from remembering as much of it as would be well to remember.

#### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WRITERS ON HORTICULTURE.\*

"SPRING still brings spring to the mind, though sixty years be told;" and when the ash buds begin to blacken, the dogwood twigs to grow red, and the elm to swell, we fall greedily on any book that discourses well on country life, on flowers and fruits, and delight to walk over imaginary fields, with our farmer by our side, laying out drains, filling hollows, sowing seed, or harvesting crops. The smell of the earth, if we walk or drive in the country, as the snow melts away, the fresh greenness of the evergreen ferns, the delicate color of the lichen-clad rocks and trees, appeal to our senses, and put us in the mood when we return home to read books on roses. We can then either make allowances for superabundant enthusiasm, or supply warmth and style to sentences which reveal more of practical than of literary experience.

With such feelings, and with ready-made enthusiasm, we took up the work named below, feeling assured, from the promise of it, that we should be repaid for the time spent on it. Its author is, as he tells us in the preface, a Church of England rector, who not only originated the first rose show in England, but has taken twenty cups awarded at exhibitions open to all competitors. Certainly here, if anywhere, we should expect to learn the practice as well as the refinements of rose culture; instead of which

"On Roses. By S. Reynolds Hole, author of 'A Little Tour in Ireland.'" London: Blackwood & Sons.

we have two hundred and sixty-seven pages filled with irrelevant scraps of Latin, Greek, and French, and larded with lean jokes. The real matter, properly expressed and condensed, would make about fifty pages of not very good instruction on the subject. It would be impossible by quotations to do justice to this book, since the wheat is inseparably mixed with the chaff. For example, the author is telling us why roses are so often failures:

"Look, too, at those vagabond suckers clustering like Jewish money-lenders, or Christian book-makers, round a young nobleman, and stealing the sap away. Well may that miserable specimen be called a '*Souvenir de Comte Cavour*,' for it is dying from depletion, like its illustrious namesake. The earth is set and sodden; no spade nor hoe has been there. As for manure, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over us, as over Mr. Richard Swiveller when he discovered the Marchioness had passed her youthful days in ignorance of the taste of beer. We know that they have never seen it, and yet they are expected to bloom profusely; and when they are covered, not with roses but grubs, the nurseryman, or the gardener, or the soil is blamed. Then there is dole in Astolat, and a wailing cry over dead Adonis. 'Is it not sad that we cannot grow roses? We have spared no trouble, no expense, and we do so dote on them.' The last time I heard a howl of this kind, I felt myself insulted, as a lover of the rose, and of truth; and instead of yelping in concert, as I was expected to do, I snarled surlily. 'I say, old fellow,' remarked to me a friend as we rode together in the Row, and with a tone which, though it pretended a cheery indifference, was fraught with rebuke and anger, 'those rose-trees which you recommended me to get turned out a regular *do*. Lost a hatful of money—precious near a tenner, if not all out—and, by Jove, sir! our curate at the county flower-show came and licked them all into fits.'"

One would hardly believe, unless he read such stuff, that any sensible man could so abuse his opportunities. The pity is all the greater because there is so much to be said about roses, and because no plant better repays the care and love we lavish on it. English writers on horticulture and agriculture in the monthly magazines indulge very freely in affectations of style which diminish not a little the value of their teachings, and place them in striking contrast with our American contributors to the same kind of literature. In fact, considering the unrivalled force and fitness of the writing in the English reviews and the better class of the untechnical magazines, it is amazing that when English gentlemen or gardeners begin to write on horticulture or agriculture, they should generally affect extreme superiority to their subject, and, as it were, excuse themselves for descending to it by a parade of their learning and humor, and by violating, if not the rules, at least the proprieties of composition, all the while flaunting their own merits in our faces. Thus, there have been a series of articles in the *Farmers' Magazine*—a very heavy and solid periodical—called "Textless Notes by a Crotchety Farmer," and others called "The New Farm," relating experiences of some general value, but so mixed with frivolous and impertinent matter, that the reader is provoked to throw the magazine aside without looking further for what may be valuable. In the *Gardeners' Magazine*, a writer goes about England visiting nurseries, and narrating his experience at rustic taverns, telling local anecdotes, praising Lord This or That's gardener, but giving a very meagre account of the practical improvements in horticulture which he sees. In the *Cottage Gardener*, the Man with a Blue Apron or the Yellow Shoe-string tells his experiences in an *ex-cathedra* tone, and with a lofty assumption that makes us doubt the value of his directions, as it seems impossible that one so well satisfied with himself can be a good teacher. We find in the strictly scientific and professional articles simple, earnest enquiry for truth, but the defects of the voluntary contributions become conspicuous when we take up a book like this on roses.

Compare with it, for example, "The Book of Roses," by Francis Parkman, of Boston, published by Tilton & Co. in 1866. Mr. Parkman does not pretend that he originated "rose shows," nor that he takes the prizes offered, but in clear, good English tells the story of the rose with just enough enthusiasm to kindle a desire in every reader's mind to cultivate the flower, however small his opportunities. His first paragraph says: "It is needless to eulogize the rose;" and, true to his text, he wastes no space in praise, but, showing how to plant, prune, and cultivate, he describes such an agreeable industry, that the reader believes that Mr. Parkman thinks his subject greater than himself, and becomes convinced that no labor would be too great to spend in acquiring the skill and knowledge which the author evidently possesses. For he tells us further how to protect the rose from insects, to ensure fine blossoms, to save seed, to hybridize, to produce new varieties. He describes the classes, families, and species of roses, and makes us understand the actual difference between the Bourbon and Hybrid China, the Noisette and Ayrshire, the Tea and Bengal families, and points out how we may make new varieties, or get the best out of the old ones. So simply and attractively does he

write, that even one not interested in acquiring practical knowledge would find the book good reading; and we are sure that until horticulture makes a much greater advance than it has yet made, Mr. Parkman's book will be such an exhaustive authority as to render new books on roses a drug. The only thing in Hole that is new, or, rather, that is really valuable, is his half-hinted, half-told belief that the English brier makes a better stock for roses than the Manetti or Dog Rose. Even this, which is the author's peculiar belief, is lugged in and out through such a cloud of suggestions and poor stories, that most readers would be excused if they did not know at the end of the book that the Rev. Mr. Hole claims this discovery as his crowning glory in rose culture.

These two books are fair instances of the different ways in which we and the English people look at horticulture. To us it is a business, or at least it is a part of the business of all who follow it, even of the amateurs, and we feel ourselves honored in the pursuit, while the English amateurs treat roses as they do any other pet subject, like pigeons, or donkeys, or pigs. They condescend to notice them, and to mingle familiarly with the laboring men and gardeners, who give all their time to the practical work but when they begin to write on the subject they cannot state with sufficient frequency, indirectly at least, that they are quite aware that gardening, though Adam's occupation, was never intended to rank with the usual pursuits of men of culture. As we do not share in that belief, we should be glad if it were possible to instil enough enthusiasm into every reader's mind to induce him to plant a few roses this spring, in the best manner, and to tend them carefully, so that their blossoms should fill him some June morning with the pure delight which no other flower is so sure to give.

#### WHITNEY'S GERMAN GRAMMAR.\*

THE importance of the publication of Professor Whitney's German Grammar consists hardly more in the intrinsic excellence of the book than in the changed aim and method of instruction in modern languages which it represents. It is almost the first serious effort to break loose from the empirical method of studying these which has held sway now for some twenty years. This "Ollendorff" method was itself a reform at the outset—a reaction against the over-formality of method which then prevailed, and a movement in the direction of more practical results than were then attained. For the mere utilitarian object of learning to speak, for purposes of trade or social intercourse, it has great merits; but the higher aims of education it does not even attempt to accomplish. The result has been in these years an immense increase in the number of persons who have studied French, and especially German, but we fear an actual falling off in solid scholarship in these tongues. Meanwhile has come up the great controversy in regard to the classic languages, and the opponents of these have urged the modern languages as equally well fitted for purposes of mental discipline. Perhaps so, but not in the way they are usually taught.

A reaction, therefore, has again set in, and it is beginning to be recognized that, however excellent the text-books and methods now in general use are for commercial colleges and business men, they are wholly unfitted for institutions of learning. What Goethe said, "Wer nicht fremde Sprachen kennt, weiss nichts von seiner eigenen," is only true of understanding the principles, the derivations and connections of words, the correspondence with one's own and the grounds of a foreign language. But that mechanical mode of studying foreign languages has got such a hold on the minds of our students, that many of them will hardly understand what is meant by the expression of a desire to raise the study of German "to a somewhat higher plane." Indeed, it would almost seem that only a man of Professor Whitney's reputation could dare to write a grammar so different from what our schools have been accustomed to. Even he feels "called upon to explain and defend his undertaking—especially when his work is almost entirely wanting in those practical exercises for writing and speaking which make the principal part of the other grammars now most in use." In other words, the "other grammars" teach how to traffic with Germans, while his own teaches the student to unlock the rich treasures of the German scientific and æsthetical literature. And for this latter purpose Professor Whitney's grammar is the best we ever had. "It aims to furnish the best practical aid to the scholar who is trying to learn German especially for the sake of access to German literature, but who would gain, at the same time, such grammatical and philological

\* "A Compendious German Grammar. By William D. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869. 12mo, pp. 248.



training as it can be made to yield, without neglecting the main object, or turning aside for special studies in comparative grammar and the philosophy of language."

An examination of the book itself satisfies us that the promise here held out is well kept. Its most striking characteristic is clearness and precision—just the qualities that are most essential in a grammar. The arrangement and analysis are eminently simple and complete, and the rules are stated with that felicity that results only from thorough and comprehensive knowledge. As an instance of this excellence of arrangement and analysis, we will mention the Subjunctive Mood and the distinction in use of the Preterite and Perfect Tenses, so puzzling to Englishmen. Here we will call attention to the simple rule, p. 150, that, "if the condition be regarded as doubtful merely, and not contrary to reality, the verbs are put in the Indicative Mood"—a principle that holds in Latin, Greek, and English as well, but which many of our makers of English grammar are strangely ignorant of, lumping together all verbs which follow an "if" as subjunctive.

A second striking feature of the book is the valuable information incidentally given upon the history and relations of the language—not excessive in quantity or forced, but sufficient, with the chapters at the end of the book, to give an excellent foundation for "studies in comparative grammar and the philosophy of language." Take, for instance, his note on p. 57—admirable, even if we ourselves should incline to take the opposite view to that which Mr. Whitney forms: "Opinions differ whether the possessive is derived from the genitive, or the genitive from the possessive. Probably the latter opinion is correct; the history of language shows that a genitive is often, or usually, a stereotyped and invariable case of an adjective of relation." We will further remark that the Syntax is not placed by itself, but each part of speech is treated as a whole, the principles of syntax following the etymological treatment.

The "Reader" of Professor Whitney's course requires few words, inasmuch as it is as yet incomplete—the notes and vocabulary, which are to be the most characteristic portion of the book, being still unpublished. The collection is every way good, aiming rather at excellence than novelty, and thus consisting largely of familiar pieces, and making, on the whole, a tolerably complete course of German literature. Thus, we have the "Song of the Bell," the most famous scene from "Nathan the Wise," probably the best scenes of "Faust," and one of the best from Schiller's dramas; as well as prose passages of some length from Goethe, von Raumer, Gervinus, Humboldt, and other authors.

*Through Night to Light.* A novel, by Friedrich Spielhagen. Translated from the German by Prof. Schele De Vere. Revised edition. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870.)—Novels like this and the "Problematic Characters," to which it forms a sequel, ought to go a good way towards reconciling us to that threatened "decline of the novel" which is not, in all moods, a thing to be joyful over. They tell cumbrously a story little worth telling, and describe laboriously, yet without great success, characters whose delineation makes no one much the wiser in the secrets of human nature. With the best will in the world to be pleased with a writer who clearly takes pains, and who seems to have given pleasure to many readers, we find ourselves impressed by the cold-blooded way in which Spielhagen constructs his incidents, his plot, his characters, and by the mechanical nature of his contrivances, rather than by anything else in his work. In his minor scenes and characters—as, for instance, in the character of Mrs. Jager, and the scenes in which is introduced the travel-

ling circus—he reminds one of Dickens, and rather as a man who has read Dickens admiringly than as one who out of a kindred nature produces similar work. And as for the hero, Oswald Stein, though he is doubtless the first of his class who has been called a "problematic character," or "one of the Hamlets of our latest civilization," he surely is not the first hero at whose conquering feet all the women he meets, married and single alike, lay down their arms and worship with an enduring passion which outlives all neglect, coldness, and caprice; while he, feeling various shades of interest in all, is unable to find his ideal in any. Such as he is, however, he is pretty much all that is offered us in this novel. That there are in Spielhagen possibilities of better things than those by which our public at present know him, we are much inclined to believe; but whether he thinks so or not, and whether or not he would like to be, he is not a master of morbid psychology.

*Day by Day:* Being a compilation from the writings of ancient and modern Friends. By William Henry Chase. Third ed. (Auburn, N. Y.: Dennis Bros. & Thorne.)—Had a list of works quoted from accompanied this collection, the editor would have rendered a service to readers outside of his Society, and led many to examine the sources of Quaker doctrine and history, to which here they get no clue except in the name of the writer and the date of the extract. The Friends have a peculiar literature in the journals of their ministers, both male and female, some of which are famous, while others are preserved only in the families of descendants as curiosities, or as part of the genealogical record. The humblest of these are calculated to interest and profit those who approach them in the right spirit, while of the greatest, John Woolman's, Mr. Whittier affirms, in an introductory letter to the volume in hand, that it is the "sweetest and purest of all books outside of the Holy Scriptures." Few who have read Woolman's life will dissent from this praise of the Jersey draper; and it might almost be said that as a psychological study his account of himself is unsurpassed in autobiography. From these journals, Friends' letters, and other utterances of the lights of the Society, from George Fox to Stephen Grellet, Mr. Chase has taken short fragments—often too short—of piety and narrative, and ranged them under each day of the whole year, for family or solitary reading. In an appendix he gives the Orthodox creed of Friends, and some selections in verse, which only confirm the general opinion that Whittier is the single nightingale of this music-repressing sect.

\*.\* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

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